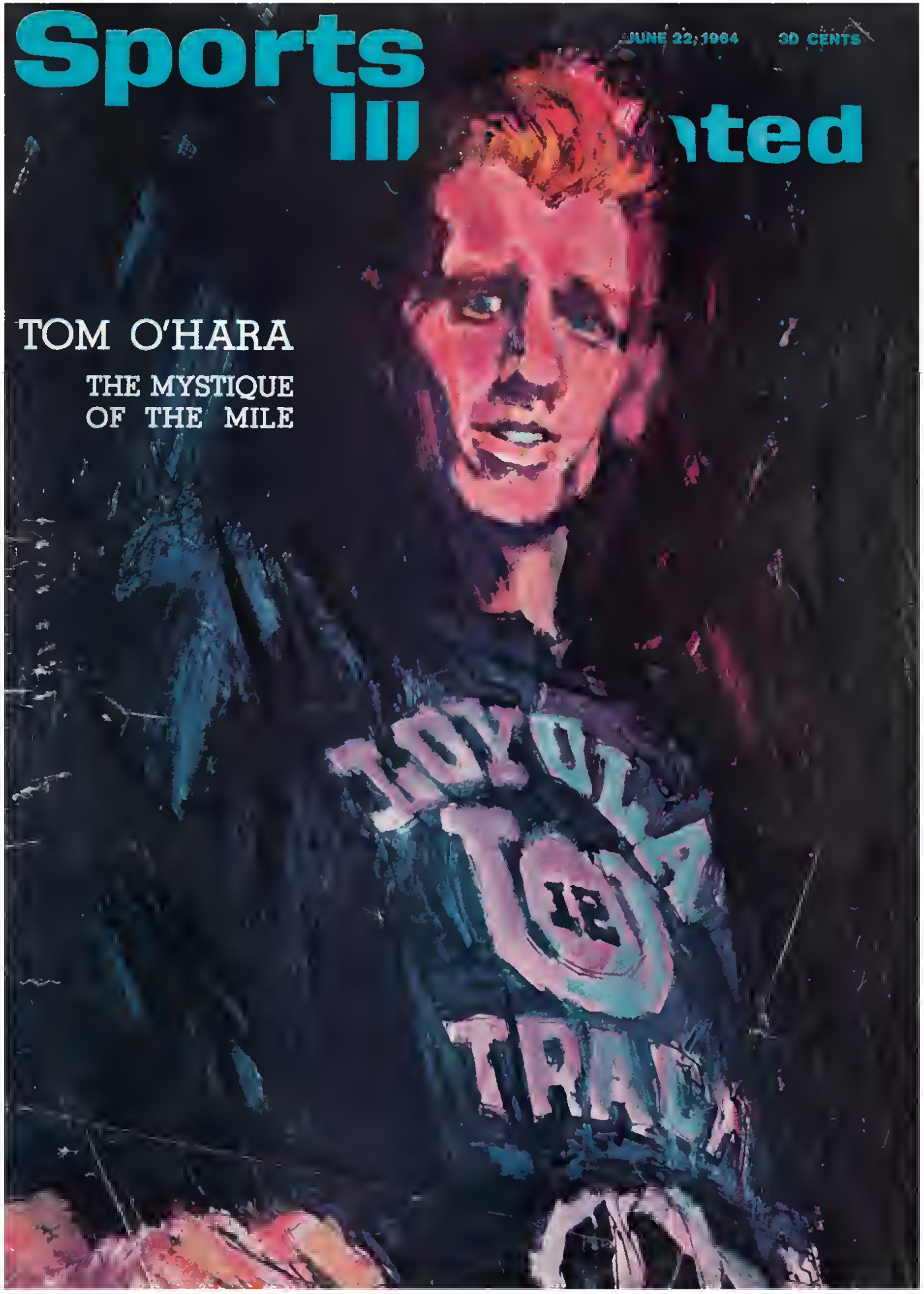
Sports Illustrated

JUNE 22, 1964 30 CENTS



TOM O'HARA

THE MYSTIQUE OF THE MILE

tonight...live a little

toast the day's success with Old Forester "there is nothing better in the market"

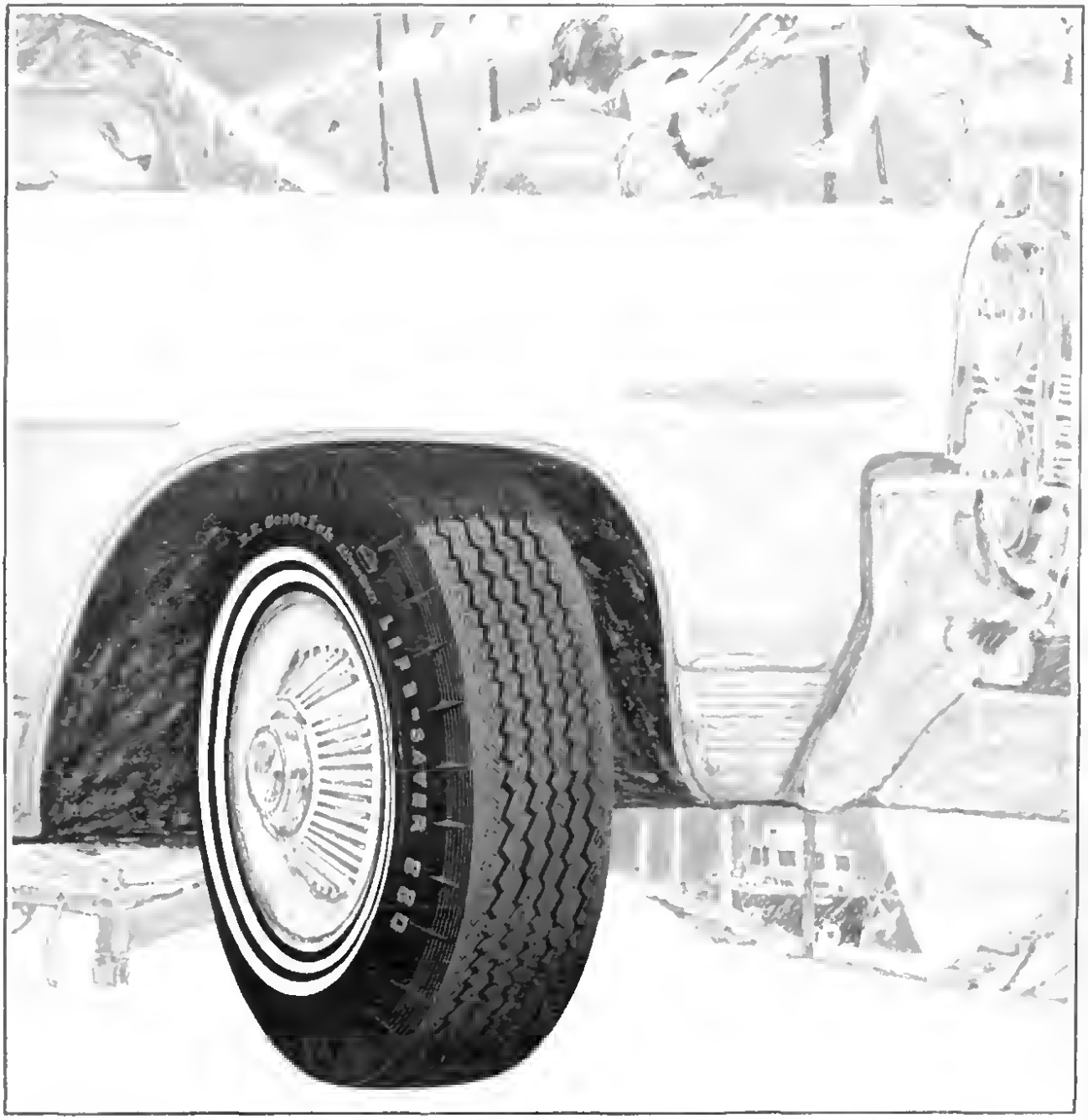
OLD FORESTER

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B.F.Goodrich

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Life-Saver 880 by B.F.Goodrich



The Jack Kramer Autograph racket is the most powerful tennis racket in 50 years. Play it and see why

What a difference in power 50 years can make!

Today's power game demands a racket with tremendous strength and durability.
Here's why more champions now play the Jack Kramer Autograph than any other racket.





Jack Kramer is a member of the Wilson Tennis Advisory Staff



Left: The big power surge photographed at 1/30,000 sec., shows the remarkable tension-strength of Strata-Bow

Right: Strata-Bow bonds together 18 wood strips into a single resilient unit, reinforced to keep its shape under hard play and high string tension.

THE modern age of power tennis has now produced a racket so superior in performance that it has become the choice of virtually every important tournament champion in the game today.

This is the Jack Kramer Autograph racket from Wilson, the tennis racket with the remarkably strong and durable Strata-Bow* frame created especially for today's power game.

The amazing strength and power of Strata-Bow make the Kramer Autograph the choice of three of the world's five top-ranked men, including the winners of the 1963 Wimbledon and U.S. singles championships. Also three of the world's top five women players, including the winner of the 1963 U.S. singles championship.

How does Strata-Bow get its tremendous power and strength? Through a bonded lamination of select long ash and maple strips, reinforced with sturdy fiber shoulder and throat faces. Strata-Bow is more than tough enough to take the impact of a 112 mph overhead smash, strong enough to retain its shape and resist warping.

Put this unique combination of resilience and strength to work for you. Play the Kramer Autograph, available at tennis professional shops and sporting goods dealers. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago. (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson 50 YEARS

A PROGRESSIVE PAST · A GOLDEN FUTURE

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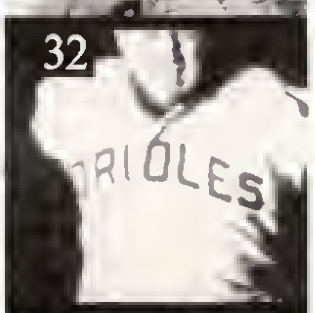
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Next week

THE 64TH U.S. OPEN is played at Congressional Country Club in Washington. The on-course action that won and the strategy that helped are described by Alfred Wright.

THE MASTER of match racing, Corny Shields, reveals the paradox of sailing duels: get behind the other boat to control him before the start, then get in front of him to win.

JOHN DOS PASSOS reminisces about fishing with Ernest Hemingway back when "Old Hem" baited sharks, coveted a submachine gun and had not yet faced up to fame.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



IN HISTORIC 1954 DUEL AT VANCOUVER, BANNISTER SPRINTS AWAY FROM LANDY

Quite by coincidence, history's first duel of sub-four-minute milers and the first issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED arrived stride-by-stride 10 years ago this summer and, through no coincidence at all, the magazine and the mile have never drifted very far apart. The lead story in that August 16, 1954 issue was Paul O'Neil's account of the famed Empire Games race between Roger Bannister and John Landy at Vancouver, B.C. In the years since, although we have never admired two milers more than the brilliant English physician (who was to become one of our contributing editors) and the gentle butterfly collector from Australia, we have admired and written of them all: Ron Delany, Laszlo Tabori, Herb Elliott, Jim Beatty, Peter Snell, Dyrol Burleson, Tom O'Hara, to mention just a few.

Man's fascination with the mile, in the role of spectator, has been explained before: the mile is a race of geometric perfection, four times around a 440-yard track; it produces a novel blend of speed, strategy and stamina; it is a race in which the observer has time to sit down and eat a hot dog—but not enough time in which to take a nap.

Never, however, has the mile been described from the competitor's viewpoint with more clarity and feeling than in two SI stories almost 10 years apart. In the first, Paul O'Neil wrote:

"The art of running the mile consists, in essence, of reaching the threshold of unconsciousness at the instant of breasting the tape. It is not an easy process . . . for the body rebels against such agonizing usage and must be disciplined by the spirit and the mind. It is infinitely more difficult in the amphitheater of competition, for then the runner must remain alert and cunning despite the fogs of fatigue and pain. . . . Few events in sport offer so ultimate a test of human courage and human will and human ability to dare and endure for the simple sake of struggle."

On page 26 of this issue, in his story on Loyola of Chicago's red-haired, 21-year-old Tom O'Hara, John Underwood tells what it is like today, when men run much faster than Roger Bannister although they still are subject to the same physiological forces.

After reading Underwood's report you may not want to run a mile at all. It is extremely doubtful, however, if you ever again will be able to resist reading about someone else running one.

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WOMEN DIG IT!



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POINT OF FACT

A baseball quiz to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of both the casual fan and the armchair expert

? *In 1961 the Pittsburgh Pirates finished sixth after winning the pennant the year before. Has any team had a worse drop after a pennant-winning year?*

• Yes, the Philadelphia Athletics won the American League pennant in 1914 for the second season in a row and then came in last in 1915. The 1917 Brooklyn Dodgers and the 1934 Washington Senators both finished seventh after winning pennants their previous years, and the 1918 Chicago White Sox, the 1919 Boston Red Sox and the 1932 St. Louis Cardinals all equaled the 1961 Pirates by coming in sixth after pennant-winning seasons.

? *In 1963 10 pitchers won 20 or more games in the major leagues. When was the last previous season in which there were more 20-game winners?*

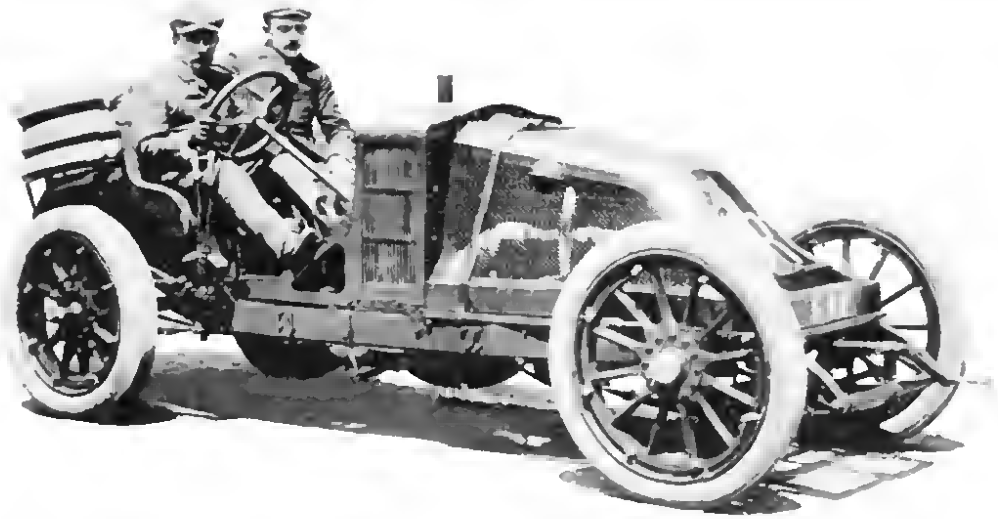
• In 1951 there were 13 pitchers who won 20 or more games. The National League had seven—Larry Jansen (23) and Sal Maglie (23) of the Giants, Preacher Roe (22) and Don Newcombe (21) of the Dodgers, Warren Spahn (22) of the Braves, Robin Roberts (21) of the Phillies and Murry Dickson (20) of the Pirates. The American League had six—Bob Feller (22), Mike Garcia (20) and Early Wynn (20) of the Indians, Ed Lopat (21) and Vic Raschi (21) of the Yankees and Ned Garver (20) of the old Browns.

? *Did 1951 have a record number of 20-game winners?*

• No. In both 1903 and 1920, there were 17 major league pitchers with 20 or more victories.

? *Dick Groat of the Cardinals led the major leagues last season with 43 doubles. Has anyone led his league with 60 or more two-base hits in one season?*

• Yes, five players. In 1936 Joe Medwick of the Cardinals set a National League record with 64 doubles while in the American League, the same year, Charlie Gehringer of the Tigers hit 60. Paul Waner of the Pirates had 62 doubles in 1932, Earl Webb of the Red Sox 67 (the American League record) in 1931 and George Burns of the Indians 64 in 1926.



Way back when, Renault felt you needed a slew of liters to win a race. And they were right. In 1906, a 13-liter, 4-cylinder Renault ran away from everything at the first French Grand Prix. It developed 90 hp at 1200 rpm, and reached an amazing top speed (for 1906, of course) of 92 miles an hour.

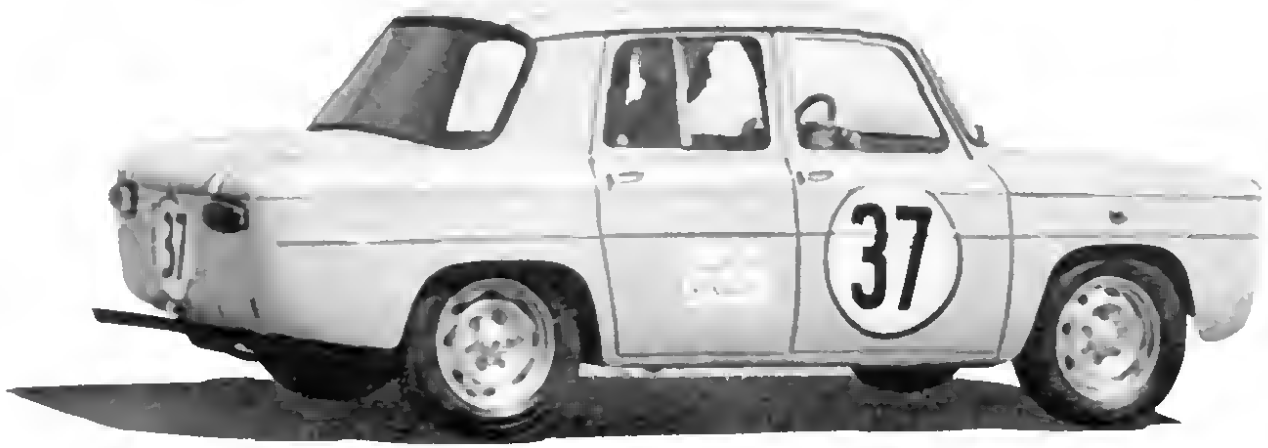
Today, the feeling about liters is slightly different. Start with a light car, a small displacement engine — and you're well on the way. That's just what Texan Snuffy Smith did. The right car for him? Renault R-8 1100. In 19 outings, Snuffy hasn't lost a race yet. His modified 1108cc R-8 will do 0 to 60 in 11 seconds, and on the straightaway it's hit 118.

He started it all with the stock R-8 engine. Then he milled the head, added a hot cam, dual Webers, a special manifold, beefed up the suspension, and he just about had it made. But what he *started* with is important to you. That you can buy!

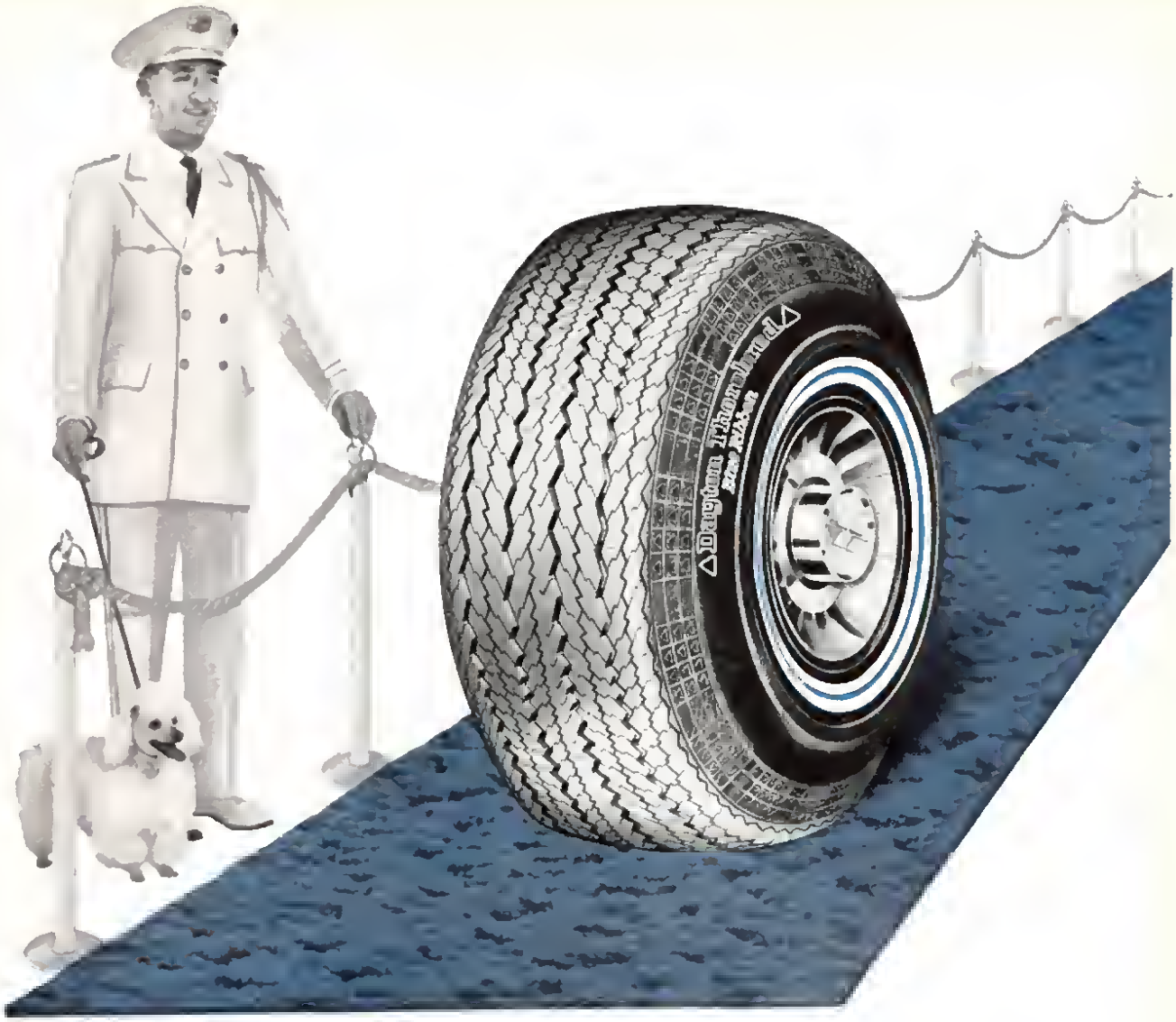
The 1964 R-8 1100 has an engine just like Snuffy's. (Minus the goodies, of course.) A 5-main bearing crank for extra smoothness. And like Snuffy's car, it has a diaphragm clutch. A synchronized 4-speed box. And 4-wheel disc brakes that won't grab or fade. Positive rack-and-pinion steering and a new 4-wheel independent suspension give nearly neutral steering characteristics. And bucket seats with extra foam padding give a "seat of the pants" feel.

Its handling qualities far exceed the speed you will drive it. If you want to push it (and the law allows), you can do 85 to the supermarket. And if you're interested in doing 118 in the backstretch, tell us. We might just tell you how to contact Snuffy.

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Children quickly learn the *importance* of money—but teaching them its *value* is a long, slow process. So says child expert Suzanne Strait. And to help parents guide their youngsters towards this worthwhile goal, she has written a booklet especially for New York Life. "Teaching Your Child the Value of Money" is packed with informative, practical suggestions . . . and it's yours free!

LET THEM LEARN BY DOING. The author, mother of 4, and a respected writer on child matters, points out there's no educational device like an allowance: "Let children handle money for *themselves*, make their own mistakes, and learn for *themselves*. Do not use money as a punishment or a reward, but rather as a practical lesson in getting, choosing and spending."

EXAMPLES AND PRACTICAL ADVICE. There are numerous examples throughout this booklet, illustrating how youngsters at various ages often react to money and the problems it poses. In addition, Suzanne Strait offers tips to help parents set a good financial model. Above all, *trust your children*, she says—give them leeway. Just as in learning to sew or saw, they'll make mistakes, but they will learn in the long run.

GET THIS HELPFUL FREE BOOKLET. No matter what age your children, there's something of value for you in "Teaching Your Child the Value of Money." For a free copy, send the coupon or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

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SCORECARD

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

There is a new scope to the National Football League race for 1964. The idea is to find out not only which is the best team but, in addition, which is the worst. At stake: first draft choice in the college crop and presumably a chance to pick off Dick Butkus, Illinois linebacker. Two of the league's best teams, the Green Bay Packers and the Chicago Bears, are betting on which will be the worst team in the league—or at least in the Eastern Division. It developed this way:

Last month the Packers suddenly traded away Jim Ringo, center, and Earl Gros, fullback, to Philadelphia for the Eagles' No. 1 draft choice and Linebacker Lee Roy Caffey. Then last week the Bears announced they had picked up Washington's No. 1 draft choice by sending Fred Williams, defensive tackle, and Angelo Cota, offensive end, to the Redskins.

The Bears now have three No. 1 choices in next year's draft—their own, Washington's, and that of the Pittsburgh Steelers. Green Bay has two, and both teams are going to need fresh linebacking help in another year.

Should be an interesting race for the cellar.

STUFFY AND NONSENSICAL

Although it is one of the world's truly international sports, tennis has not been played in the Olympic Games since 1924. Now a move is afoot to restore it to the Olympics during the 1968 Games at Mexico City. A resolution to that effect, with the backing of the U.S., the Soviet Union and others, will be presented to the International Lawn Tennis Federation when it meets in Vienna next month. Indications are that it will have wide support.

This strikes us as a splendid development. Not so splendid is the fact that the U.S. once again will take a stand against open tennis competition and oppose a British resolution permitting any full-member association to conduct open tournaments during the next two years. If they lose that one, and the indications are that they will lose it, the British will ask permission to hold the Wimbledon championships as an open tournament in 1965 and 1966.

It seems absurd that, in the week preceding the always successful and always exciting U.S. Open golf tournament, the United States Lawn Tennis Association should take once more the stand of a fogy. We hope the British get their wish.

MUTUELS BOOM

At what is roughly midseason, the sport of horse racing—both Thoroughbred and trotting—is enjoying a spectacularly prosperous year. Of 44 Thoroughbred tracks, 31 are up in attendance and 35 are up in their betting handle. The trotting tracks are doing just as well—nine of 12 have increased attendance, 10 have a bigger handle.

Perhaps because of reduced withholding of federal income taxes, a remarkable amount of "free" money is circulating at the big city tracks. At Chicago's Washington Park, for instance, attendance is up 5% but the betting handle is up more than 40%; at Wolverine near Detroit, attendance is up 18%, the handle 27%; and at Roosevelt Raceway in New York, the increases are almost 3% for attendance, 10% for the handle. The same principle applies at other tracks, even at Yakima (Wash.) Meadows, where the average daily attendance is only 2,074, a drop of 1% from last year. The Yakima handle is up 16%.

THE BIG H AND THE BIG A.B.

When Harvard's senior class was graduated last week 679 members of '64 were on the list for academic honors, and 40 of these were varsity athletes, including 10 of the 18 captains in the intercollegiate sports program. Included in the group were two Rhodes scholars—Peter Wood, lacrosse captain, and Bruce Thomas, hockey player. Among the *magna cum laude* awards, one went to Christian Ohiri of Owerri, Nigeria, who set every Harvard and Ivy League scoring record in soccer and is the IC4A triple-jump champion.

The sight that pleased sportsmen most, though, was Gene Kinasewich leading the procession as first marshal of his class. Kinasewich, hockey team captain and one of 13 orphaned children from Edmonton, Alta., was the center of an eligibility controversy two years ago (SI, Oct. 8, 1962). There was widespread belief that he had been imported from Canada merely to play hockey.

Well, he had not been. Kinasewich was graduated *magna cum laude* with an A.B. in social relations. He won the Ingham Award, Harvard's highest athletic honor, and was granted a Shaw foreign travel fellowship.

REMEMBER THE OLD DODGERS?

The American League, which snoots the National's Mets, has its moments, too. It has just had a whole week of moments. "We've had things that never happened before," muses Cal Hubbard, the league's umpire in chief.

Such as when Ed Lopat, who was Kansas City manager at the time, listed George Alusik at first base in the starting lineup against Washington. The A's took the field, and there was Jim Gentile playing first. That meant, technically,



that Alusik was through for the game, but he was used later as a pinch hitter. The matter was put up to the umpire in chief for evaluation. "He didn't deliver, however," Hubbard consoled his sense of justice, "so no real damage was done."

Then, batting against the Boston Red Sox, Relief Pitcher Peter Mikkelsen of the Yankees swung and missed at what appeared to be an inning-ending third strike. Boston Catcher Russ Nixon

flipped the ball to Mikkelsen, as a polite catcher does when an inning ends, but, instead of conceding that he was out, Mikkelsen dropped the ball in fair territory and ran safely as far as second base before confusion cleared. It was ruled that Nixon had not caught the ball but trapped it, thus entitling Mikkelsen to try for first, or home if he chose. Even Nixon admitted the *faux pas*.

"I knew I hadn't caught the ball cleanly," he conceded, "but Mikkelsen turned around and asked for the ball. I gave it to him. The minute I did, I knew I should have tagged him, but what could I do?"

Apply for a job with the Mets, Nixon, that's what you could do.

A BLOW FOR INDEPENDENTS

Moved in part by two deaths in the Indianapolis 500 and a desire for more participation by independent drivers, the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing seems about to take a step that will increase both safety and competition. NASCAR's executive committee is expected to announce restrictions for the 1965 season that will cut speeds by 10 or more miles per hour and restore the independent operator to the sport. Anticipated changes in manifolds and exhaust systems and in carburetion (from four barrels to two) would make next year's racing vehicles more like stock cars bought in a salesroom.

This year independent drivers have all but disappeared from the big NASCAR races. In the Dixie 400 in Atlanta only 34 cars started, though 44 were permitted. Other races have had less than capacity fields, too, because independent drivers cannot afford the equipment needed to compete with factory-backed drivers.

"Even if you had a million dollars," one veteran of the track said, "you couldn't walk into a garage and buy the kind of equipment those factory-backed teams are racing with this year."

PROFESSIONAL SECRET

To some golfers the gallery at the U.S. Open is a distracting nuisance. To Billy Joe Patton, the ebullient North Carolina amateur who has had an occasional spectacular round in the Open, the crowds spell opportunity. After qualifying, he explained to a fellow golfer the basic secret of his Open strategy.

"All you do is give it a full turn," he said, meaning that a full power swing must be used. "Don't look at how nar-

continued



WE'RE PUTTING UP A NEW SAWMILL in the Hollow to help make the charcoal that mellows our Tennessee sippin' whiskey.

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CHEMICAL-PLASTICS DIVISION / AKRON, OHIO

row those fairways are there or how deep the rough is. All you do is just hit the ball as hard as you can and hope it goes down the fairway.

"If it doesn't, it will fly right over that deep rough and out by the ropes, where the spectators have tramped the rough to death. Out there you don't have any trouble.

"But if you get it just a few feet off the fairway you can't move the ball at all. That's what happens to all the players who try to play pitty-pat in the Open. they all shoot 79 or more and aren't around."

ONLY IN NEW YORK

Ten million tourists are expected to visit New York this summer and fall, some to see the World's Fair, some to see the Mets or Yanks or bet at Aqueduct. The city, already choked with traffic, has met the challenge posed by this influx in a characteristic way. It has blocked off and torn up one whole side of midtown Fifth Avenue, the city's most glamorous roadway, preparatory to repaving. It is doubtful if any visitor will soon forget the look of lovely Fifth—a look somewhat like Omaha Beach on D-Day.

WHERE ONLY MAN IS VILE

The population explosion and the recreation boom have created special problems for operators of federal wildlife refuges, which used to be for birds and animals, and even fish hatcheries, which used to be for fish. Man is taking them over, and in extraordinary numbers. The trouble is that the refuges and the hatcheries are not budgeted for man and his ways. A typical small fish hatchery now has to divert an increasing amount of time to platoons of visitors who picnic in the parking lot. The staff must devote eight hours a day to fish, additional hours to litterbugs.

At Havasu Lake National Wildlife Refuge on the California-Arizona border, the number of visitors has increased twentyfold in the past decade, though the budget has remained the same. On Memorial Day weekend more than 10,000 campers swarmed in. With the few cabins filled, 95% of the visitors camped on the beach. The refuge, established for birds, has practically no sanitary facilities and no extra staff to pick up garbage. At Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge, near Lawton, Okla., which was intended primarily for the preservation

continued

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Each Contac® capsule allows you up to 12 hours time off from your sniffles, stuffy nose and damp sneezes. Each Contac capsule contains over 600 tiny "time pills." They work continuously to give you the drying action you need for wet summer colds—all day or all night. Great for hay fever, too! Start your "vacation" today—at your pharmacy.

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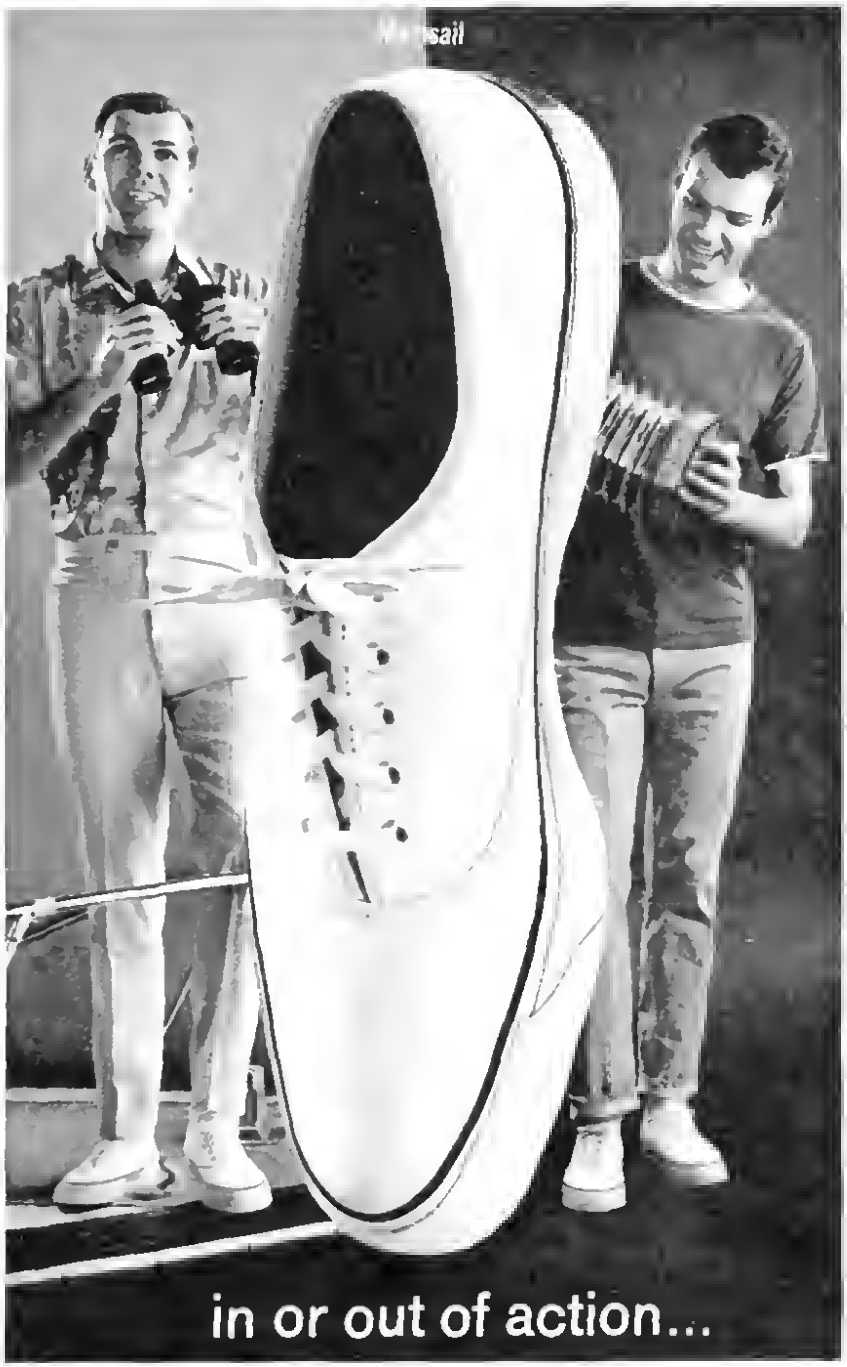
It figures

Want to get rid of perspiration odor? OK, you have to get rid of the skin bacteria that cause it. And that's a job for Dial. Dial removes those trouble-makers so effectively it's America's leading deodorant soap.

Makes sense, doesn't it?



Go see Colonel Keds fly with the Bell rocket belt at "[illegible]ff's Wonder World" at the N.Y. World's Fair!



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KEDS

Take Keds 'Mainsail.' Made for action on the decks, with a special non-skid sole, but equally at home on land. Cleanest lines and smoothest fit you could want! Plus built-in comforts and a rugged construction. Ask for 'Mainsail,' as shown, or slipon style.

LOOK FOR THE BLUE LABEL
US Keds

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

of buffalo and Longhorn cattle, attendance reached one million last year and may pass that figure by August. Buffalo and Longhorns depend on grass for survival but, as one visitor remarked, "If you don't get staff to handle the people, the acres of grass will be replaced by acres of litter."

There seem to be only two solutions. One would be to get more money out of a reluctant Congress. The other bar man from the refuges and thus prevent him from despoiling his heritage by denying him access to it. We favor the first.

STROKE OF FATE

While a thunderstorm rumbled outside, Trainer Garland Bradshaw was on the telephone in his Danville, Ky. home selling a horse. Suddenly, lightning struck his main barn. In the inferno that ensued, 29 horses perished and only three were saved. One of these, running frantically from the flames, was struck and injured by an automobile.

The major saddle-horse shows will thereby be the poorer this year. All 11 top show horses entered in Lexington perished, among them two world champions, Mrs. Judson Large's Scarlet Flame and Miss Jolie Richardson's Captain Denmark. Four other losses were suffered by Miss Richardson, including her only son of Captain Denmark, who had just arrived at Bradshaw's after barely surviving a long illness.

Horsemen have nightmares about such catastrophes, and with excellent reason. Insurance premiums on horses, barns, buggies and tack are so high as to be considered prohibitive by most of the fancy. Miss Richardson, for instance, was uninsured. And no insurance ever could compensate for the loss of such superb animals and the years of training and breeding that went into their development.

THEY SAID IT

- Fred Hutchinson, Cincinnati manager, asked which National League club worried him most: "The Reds."
- Yogi Berra, Yankee manager, on the American League situation: "The other teams could make trouble for us if they win."
- Homer Snead, explaining why he does not give his brother Sam a chance in his 24th bid for the U.S. Open golf championship: "He uses a putter like it was a crowbar." **END**

The green fender come
aff a '58.
The blue haod came
aff o '59.
The beige fender came
off o '64.
The turquoise door came
aff a '62.
Most VW ports
ore interchangeoble
from one yeor ta the next.
Thot's why parts
ore so eosy to get.



Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*



*We English.



The Scots distill it—
we jolly well drink it.
Of hundreds of scotches
Britain's largest seller
is Haig.

There are exceptions. You for instance. You like to race the wind—hear the sound tires make against wet pavement. You appreciate boldness, like the Mohawk Ultissimo's rakish wrap-around shoulder design. And although this tire is guaranteed 30,000 miles* and has a top 6 ply rating, the important thing to you is its spirited elegance. You're our kind of young 'buck'!

Is Mohawk just for young 'bucks'?



Sports Illustrated
JUNE 22, 1964

INFIDELS ON THE HORIZON

Egypt's first king since Farouk looked around last week for threats to his throne. Royally mounted and royally confident, the Pride of Islam saw only pretenders. "If Sonny even dreamed to fight me, he has to apologize," decreed Muhammad Ali. "Patterson has no chance. I'll knock him out and convert him to Islam." The irrepressible heavyweight champion bounced from monument to mosque all week, keeping his Egyptian hosts off-balance, winded and slightly bored.

Back in Denver, Sonny Liston, doing more than dreaming, was working hard to regain his championships in both prizefighting and the acquisition of police summonses. He ran and punched the bag—and last week got hit with a $16 fine for speeding. His manager, Jack Nilon, said he thought the World Boxing Association would sanitize Sonny within weeks, and that a rematch with Clay could be scheduled for autumn. Meantime Clay's Louisville mentors were trying to locate Cassius in the desert to correct his mistaken idea that he could not fight again this year because of taxes. "Under the new tax setup," Clay's lawyer explained, "it is to his advantage to fight again in 1964. We can prorate his earnings back to 1960, a low-income year."

If Cassius insists on avoiding Sonny for the time being, his 1964 opponent may be the winner of the Floyd Patterson-Eddie Machen fight in Sweden next month, though there are rumors that ex-Champion Ingo Johansson will be stood up, dusted off and sent back into action. In any case, the supposedly lifeless horizon is suddenly cluttered with challengers. King, be ready.



KING DAVID AND THE BLACK BULL

Luis Rodriguez, once the welterweight champion, had a dream that he and a Biblical warrior would win the title back from Emile Griffith. But Emile, mildly annoyed by the allegory, muddled their plan **by HUSTON HORN**

A mood of genial graciousness pervaded the dialogue between Emile Griffith and Luis Rodriguez moments after they had fought for the world welterweight championship one night last week in Las Vegas. Champion Griffith, in another split decision, had just retained his title, but both men fell into mutually profuse apologies for anything inflammatory they might have said or done before or during the fight. Rodriguez, for example, was sorry he had called Griffith a Black Bull, and Griffith was sorry he had taken offense and butted him. "We are both such good fighters," he said warmly now, "that both of us deserve to be champion. It's too bad we are fighting at the same time."

The observation was impressively apt. Few boxers are as considerate—outside of the ring—as Griffith and Rodriguez are, and rarely have two men been so evenly matched so often. That one of the judges of last week's fight did not know whom he had picked until his own votes had been tallied (*see next page*) gives an idea of just how even they are. This fight, in fact, was their fourth together, and though Griffith has now won three times, he has never won unanimously.

Luis Rodriguez, a Cuban living in Miami and managed by Angelo Dundee (Cassius Clay's trainer), was, of course, bitterly disappointed that he lost the decision and concluded that he is somehow cursed. All the more so, he thought, because of the curious dream he had one night shortly after he had come to Las Vegas. Rodriguez is a highly religious man and reads daily from a large, three-inch-thick Bible he carries with him on trips. The Bible, in Spanish, is liberally illustrated with colorful paintings, and one of these shows King David in a military pose with sword and spear.

"I am sleeping and I hear the voice calling so quietly, 'Luis, Luis, listen to me,'" Rodriguez said, "and I look around me and I know it is King David from my Bible. He said to me, 'I will be in the ring with you and together we matadors, we will kill the Black Bull.' " Rodriguez, a frustrated actor, singer and musician ("Do I like to fight? Well, it is what I do best"), portrayed the role of King David with a flourish on a local television station. Emile Griffith, as might be expected, did not take kindly to Rodriguez' dream. "It is not a matter of race," Emile said, "for what is the difference in us? It is the word he used: *kill, kill* the Black Bull. Has he forgotten my accident with Benny Paret, may he rest in peace, or does he mean to taunt me? Well, the Bull is ready and will chase him wherever he runs to. He and King David will be in serious trouble when I catch them."

Apart from this exchange, however, neither fighter had much in the way of abuse for the other, and when reporters sought their opinions they both seemed hard pressed to come up with anything insulting. Rodriguez was far more content to pursue his training in peace. He sparred with Ernie (Indian Red) Lopez, a Ute from Utah, took a side trip to Hoover Dam one day and showed up at the Sands casino occasionally. But mostly he stayed in his room, dressed in blue pajamas, balefully watching television, eating steaks (four a day at $7 each) and chicken soup with lemon juice and waiting for sunset. When it was dark and cool he went to a horse racing track in Las Vegas and jogged around its mile-long perimeter, time and again. "Why do you run at night?" somebody asked him. "Because," he said with his infectious smile, "I fight at night."

Griffith, who does not have Rodriguez' composure, was very much in evidence at the Thunderbird Hotel, sitting beside the pool, occasionally rolling dice in the casino, or walking the halls for exercise. "I'm homesick—I do not like to be alone. I must have something to do, somebody to talk to, to occupy my thoughts," he said.

Two days before the fight Emile's mother (whom he calls Chubby Checker) arrived from New York to occupy and direct his thoughts. She came out to the pool in her traveling clothes—a blue lace suit she selected at Macy's Herald Square—and embraced her son. "Everybody sends love," said Mrs. Griffith, meaning the houseful of four sisters, three brothers, two cousins and five nieces whom Emile supports in New York, "and they all say to keep punching." "Thanks, darling," said Emile, and he unpeeled a Heath bar and bit off a mouthful of chocolate and toffee.

The rumor around town was that Griffith was having trouble making the 147-pound limit for welterweights, but it was not so. One day he and his trainer, Gil Clancy, walked through the Thunderbird kitchen and down the hallway stacked with cartons of No. 10 cans to a storeroom depository of staples. There, secretly, Emile took off his clothes and stood upon the hotel's grocery scale. Both he and Clancy smiled broadly, and Emile dressed and went out to the lobby newsstand. "Let me have two more Heath bars, please," he said, "and charge it."

"This fight," said Emile back in his own room, "is dog-eat-dog, and I must remember to eat before Luis eats me. Because this fight is different from the other times we have fought for the championship. Some people think Luis was given the decision in Los Angeles a year ago last March. And some people think I was given the decision in New York last June when I won back the title [the decision was split and highly controversial, setting off whispers of a fix]. I know how people are always being suspicious about boxing, so I want to win in such a way that they will know I am the true champion."

"Where in the world have you been?" said Mrs. Griffith, storming in. She pulled off his shoes and tuned in his portable radio and gave it to him. The world's

champion welterweight put the radio on the pillow beside his head and went to sleep. Outside the room Mrs. Griffith said please deliver a message to Mr. Luis Rodriguez. "Tell him Emile's mother is here. Tell him to watch out."

"You tell Emile's mother I have not come to fight with her," said Luis later with stiff dignity. "But tell her I will give her son a spanking. How does he feel today? I know that however he feels he cannot feel as confident as me."

However they felt, the Griffiths looked like winners when they showed up at the Las Vegas Convention Center on Friday night. Mrs. Griffith was still in lace but this time it was pink and it came from Saks Fifth Avenue ("Nothing but the best for the champion's mother at ringside," she explained). Emile, exuding aplomb, then came into the ring in a white twill robe with aquamarine velvet collar and cuffs. When he drew on flamingo-pink boxing gloves the effect was altogether startling. What happened in the fight, unfortunately, was not.

The action in the first round pretty much established what was going to develop in the next 14 rounds. Rodriguez opened more slowly than he had wanted to ("What am I to do?" he said mournfully afterward. "I am what I am"). But both men looked as if they were settling down to a long siege. Indeed, they were so perfectly balanced against one another that, like identical twins on a seesaw, any advantage one gained was soon offset by the other. Rodriguez, for example, would retreat in disorder at one point, only to rally and drive Griffith back where they had come from. Since neither man seemed able to seriously incapacitate the other, the fight, for all the vigorous pursuit both brought to it, was rather dull, and neither one ever seemed to be actually winning or losing.

When a prizefight reaches a standoff like this, particularly between two fighters whose very careers are standoffs, the participants do not always remember all the niceties. Consequently, this fight was as dirty as either man has ever fought. In the second round Griffith bammed his head against Rodriguez' right eyebrow, and though Emile swore it was an accident and said he was sorry, the blood that flowed down Luis' face was real enough and obviously disconcerted him. In the very next round, accordingly, Luis was so distracted that he drove a damaging low blow into Griffith's protective cup and drew a one-point penalty from the referee and judges. In the 10th round, to cite a more flagrant violation, Griffith clasped Rodriguez around the waist like an old friend and rapped him smartly on the chin three times before the referee broke them up.

"There were other times I caught myself," said Griffith later, admitting he had fought a little rougher than he liked to ("I'm not the kind to do it"). It was at times like this that Trainer Clancy swore and sputtered that Emile was too gentle. Clancy, who holds a master's degree in physical education ("Don't never keep your knees straight when you touch your toes," is a Clancyism), knows one does not win close fights by giving the other guy a break. "Fighting is a difficult business, I must tell you," Emile says. "You try to think for yourself what to do, you try to hear what they are shouting to you in the corner, and you

continued

ts the fight became rough and legal punches proved ineffective. Griffith (derk trunks) held end hit, end Rodriguez occesionelly came in with a low blow.





try to keep the man in front of you from knocking out your teeth."

Sometimes both of the fighters were so wrapped up in their respective problems and thoughts that they did not hear the bells ending the rounds until they had exchanged one or two more good shots.

Neither Griffith nor Rodriguez had any doubt he had won the fight until the decision was announced. Griffith never supposed himself to be in any trouble whatsoever, and Rodriguez, who, by his own accounting, has never lost a fight, felt he had been had by the Las Vegas officials. "What is this thing that gives Griffith all our fights?" he asked plaintively in his dressing room. "Where does he get this good protection? Maybe I do not fight my best tonight, maybe I did not throw enough punches because I try to land the big punch to knock him out. But I win, I know I win all the time. Now they ask me do I fight him again. Why do I do that? Why? Already I know they will not let me win." Rodriguez, unable to sleep, then went and stood at the gambling tables until it was dawn.

Back at his own hotel, the winner and still champion eased himself into a tub of hot water and his mother made waves

A JUDGE'S REPORT

by JOHN ROMERO



The author, one of the three officials assigned to the Griffith-Rodriguez bout, may be, at 35, the youngest judge of major fights in the country. Sports editor of the Las Vegas Review Journal *for 11 years, he began judging as a hobby three years ago and officiates at 35 or more matches a year. This is his sixth title fight. Scoring in Nevada is by the five-point "must" system. A boxer winning a round gets five points, his opponent four or fewer according to the official's judgment.*

I think the pressure started to build about 8:30 in the morning when I was eating a cantaloupe and remembered that Griffith and Rodriguez were to fight that evening. Of course, I had not forgotten about the fight, but I like to approach a match as objectively as possible. I don't know the way other judges face a title fight, but I try to shut it out of my mind. When Griffith and Rodriguez arrived in Las Vegas to complete their training I stopped reading the sports pages. I sneaked a look at a Dodgers story now and then but that was it.

The pressure—perhaps tension is a better word—was negligible at first because I had no idea if I would be chosen to judge. In my mind I listed the men I believed eligible to work this fight and came up with three or four different combinations that could have made me a spectator.

What bothered me most were the previous fights between Griffith and Rodriguez and the divergent scoring that had resulted. God, I thought, they must be tough to score.

The day went quickly and I hurried home at 4:45 to drive my wife to the hardware store. She wanted to buy a drinking fountain attachment to clamp on the hose so the kids wouldn't have to run inside for a drink.

"I hope you're in good form tonight," my wife said. "Please pick the right fellow." I told her I would.

My wife is not a boxing fan, but she does remember I was involved in two split decisions that the press simply would not let die. I voted for Gene Fullmer in the Fullmer-Dick Tiger fight, and I voted for Harold Johnson in the Johnson-Willie Pastrano fight.

I was half bum, half hero for the Fullmer decision (the fight ended in a draw and Tiger retained his title) but I was a real winner in the Johnson match (Pastrano won).

After the Fullmer-Tiger fight I received a letter from an irate gentleman in Montana addressed "John Romero, Boxing Judge???, Las Vegas, Nev." And the funny part about that was it came right to my office at the Hotel Sahara. I assumed the postman also was a Tiger fan. I received 37 congratulatory letters for the Johnson decision and not one knocking me. No doubt Pastrano was too happy to write.

We were told to assemble at the Las Vegas Convention Center at 5:45, an hour and 15 minutes before the fight. We usually meet with the members of the Nevada State Athletic Commission and receive our assignments in such meetings.

But at 6:20 the meeting still had not started. Finally District Judge David Zenoff puffed in the door. Jim Deskin, executive secretary of the commission, came in with a mysterious file folder he always carries at title fights. I made a mental note to ask him what he carried in that folder. Art Lurie, the commission chairman, came in and shut the door.

"All right," he said, "here's what you've been waiting for."

He picked up Deskin's folder and put it down again.

"The officials for the main bout are John Romero and David Zenoff, judges, and Harry Krause, referee."

I remember thinking, Why does he always call title fights "the main bout"? Then reality returned and the pressure with it. Now I was in and no one could help me, I thought, except God.

Krause turned to me and whispered, "I'm nervous as a cat. I didn't think I had a chance to work this bout." Harry is a good man—never nervous. His admission, therefore, shook me considerably.

"Everybody out but the main bout officials," Lurie intoned.

When the room had cleared, Lurie looked around carefully. "These guys have boxed 40 rounds and it's just about even," he said. "I don't need to tell you this figures to be a close fight. Be very careful with each round."

Deskin stood up. He spoke to us like a top sergeant. "Whatever you guys do," he said, "watch the fight."

Of course, that really helped the pressure.

We waited until five minutes before the fight to take our seats. The three of us shook hands—rather solemnly, it seemed to me—and moved off toward the ring.

I squeezed into my seat at ringside and introduced myself to Bob Lipsyte of *The New York Times*, who had the seat next to mine. He and Huston Horn of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED were arguing over the color of the gloves being laced on Griffith and Rodriguez. Horn thought they were flamingo. Lipsyte thought they were tangerine.

"Ask a woman," said Lipsyte.

"Reddish orange," said the woman behind us. Lipsyte and Horn both threw up their hands and dropped the subject.

This was my first look at both fighters in some time. I had scored Griffith's two other successful Las Vegas title defenses against Ralph Dupas and Jorge Fernandez and had met Rodriguez previously in Las Vegas. But I had stayed away from their camps. I always

with her broad hand to relieve his stiffening shoulders. In his bedroom Emile's jubilant handlers were making pretentious remarks like, "Luis did not win a single round that Emile did not let him win," and, "Now we will take the middleweight title from Joey Giardello and let Luis have the welterweights all to himself." Through the door came a room-service waiter with a dish of vanilla ice cream. "Nice going, Mr. Griffith," he called out. "I just won $30 on you in the office pool."

"Luis' biggest mistake," said Emile, "was changing his style. He likes to stick and run and when he decided he was going to stand and fight I think he defeated himself a little. When he stood still I got into his body, and no man can take a lot of that. It just slows you up so much you lose all your bounce. But Luis, he's a nice guy, he really is. It's just he doesn't understand everything. He said he wants to fight me in my native Virgin Isles. Do you know he would not win even one round down there against me? Because I am so popular! I won a fight there once and the officials scored 11 rounds for me. That's something. It was only a 10-round fight."

do when I think I might be asked to judge.

I looked at both fighters as they jogged and did knee bends in their corners. Before the fight Rodriguez' camp complained that Griffith wore his pants too high, so Deskin had warned Krause, "Be sure both their navels show." They did.

There were the usual introductions and the national anthem. A television cameraman stayed in the ring to the end, then ducked out, leaving cable all over the ring. And there were the fighters in their corners, ready for business. Krause frowned and waved at the cable a couple of times. Somebody pulled it in and the bell rang.

When the bell goes in a title fight and I am judging, it is like someone had suddenly enclosed me in an isolation booth. Sounds can penetrate, but they have no meaning. Eleven years as a newspaperman, writing copy in as many different noises as you can imagine, trained me that way.

So as I watched Griffith hit Rodriguez flush in the face with his first right-hand lead the yells bounced against me but they meant nothing. Griffith, clearly carrying the round, looked confident. It was a simple round to score, and some of the tension left me.

It quickly returned when Rodriguez, in the second round, shook off the lethargy that had enveloped him in the first. The realization that, in fact, this was to be a close fight returned. There is, apparently, no easy solution when these two men fight.

I heard Krause shouting at Rodriguez in the third round, warning him twice about low punches. After a third low blow Krause shook three fingers under Rodriguez' nose and I distinctly heard him say, "That's the third time." After that round Krause ordered me to deduct a point from Rodriguez' score for low blows. Since I already had written a 5–4 score for Griffith, I scratched out the four and entered a three with the notation, "low blow."

In Nevada we hand our scores in at the end of each round, and as I gave mine to Krause I was amazed that I had been able to hear his warnings to Rodriguez so clearly when I had no recollection of anything else yelled around me—and there were at least several thousand people yelling advice.

The fight moved on—quickly, it seemed. Probably that was because I was concentrating so hard.

In a lopsided fight, where the big majority of the round scorecards are for one man, it is easy to remember who is leading and by what score. In a close fight I will myself to forget what has happened in previous rounds. By the eighth round I had no idea who was leading on my scorecard, and I accepted that fact with more than a little relief. I find it easier to concentrate on the round unencumbered by any knowledge that does not pertain to the action at hand.

Rodriguez had bled from an eye cut very early in the fight, and now, after eight rounds, I remember wondering, "All this exertion, all these people shouting, all the preparation, just so John Romero, Harry Krause and Dave Zenoff can decide who wins a fistfight." But there is little time to contemplate such inanities between rounds, and the bell for the ninth snapped me to.

The late rounds were close, like the early ones. Only in the 15th did my concentration waver. At the start of the round I heard a shout from Griffith's corner, "Punch every second, Ay-meel." I wondered if this was really advice, or if someone was just trying to make Griffith laugh.

Now a second distraction entered my mind. A man in a white shirt across the ring was leaping and waving his arms wildly. I realized he had been doing the same thing for the last 14 rounds and wondered why I had not noticed it before.

Then I was back on the action again. The distractions had lasted perhaps a second but seemed longer. They were, I supposed, a warning to me that the fight was almost over and that I should not relax. Watching the last round carefully, I gave it to Rodriguez.

There was an actual physical sensation of weight being lifted when I turned in that last-round scorecard. Now the decision was made. I turned to Horn and told him it was the toughest fight I had ever worked. He said, "It must have been."

"We have a split decision," Announcer Chuck Hull said. That brought back the pressure again—worse than it had ever been. Officials don't like to hear those words. I had hoped we would be unanimous.

Krause's score was announced first—Griffith 69–67. Then came Zenoff's—Rodriguez 71–70. Sometimes the announcer will say, "Judge John Romero decides the fight," before announcing the third score in a split. I hate this choice of words, whether I'm judging or whether I'm not. But Hull simply read my score—70–68 for Griffith.

I heard the shouts of approval. I didn't look at the corners—just left the ring as quickly as I could and ran back to the dressing room to shake Krause's hand. I thought he did a great job.

Krause was sitting in a chair, breathing fast, his lips flecked with white. I knew he had worked hard and I congratulated him. Both of us, I think, felt a vast relief.

I picked up a phone and called Denece, my wife, to tell her the news. "I'm glad you're on the winning side," she said. Someday I will have to have a talk with her about boxing.

SCORING

ROUND	ROMERO		ZENOFF		KRAUSE	
	G	R	G	R	G	R
1	5	4	5	4	5	4
2	5	5	5	5	5	4
3	5	3	4	4	4	4
4	4	5	5	5	4	5
5	5	4	4	5	5	4
6	4	5	5	5	4	5
7	5	5	5	5	5	4
8	4	5	4	5	4	5
9	5	4	5	4	4	5
10	4	5	4	5	4	5
11	5	5	5	5	5	5
12	5	4	5	4	5	4
13	5	5	5	5	5	4
14	5	4	5	5	5	4
15	4	5	4	5	5	5
TOT.	70	68	70	71	69	67

LOOMIS DEAN

James Bond's Golfing Caper

Even Author Ian Fleming, for all the sorry scum he's had to deal with, found it a strain to excuse Auric Goldfinger, the villain of one of his James Bond adventures. What got everybody down on Auric, the fat Red rascal, was his greediness—he tried to stick up Fort Knox, you know—and that somewhat tasteless self-indulgence he had of rendering his girl friends living dolls by painting them over with gold. Still, Goldfinger's most unworthy crime had to be the liberties he took on the golf course. The fact is, he was a dirty cheat. But in Agent 007 Goldfinger met his match in low cunning. These pictures, taken in England while the golf sequence from *Goldfinger* was being filmed for a movie, show what Bond was up against, and also make it clear that he could hold his own in any Sunday foursome at the country club.



With $14,000 at stake, Goldfinger (Gert Frobe) tries some obvious golf gamesmanship by bothering Bond (Sean Connery) when his backswing is at its peak. Goldfinger sometimes jingles change in his pocket or, as above, offers gratuitous critiques of Bond's style. Another plus for Goldfinger's game is the unnerving apparition of Oddjob (Harold Sakata), caddie and man of all dirty work. Oddjob (right) drives the Rolls in the background—its body is 18-karat gold destined for Moscow—intimidates watchers by squeezing a golf ball until the juice runs out of its center, and otherwise makes himself useful by devouring stray cats and helping his boss paint girls.

continued



CONTINUED





Getting down to cases, Goldfinger's cheating is effective if not remarkably delicate, as when he helps himself out of a nasty sand trap (left). Another time, Goldfinger improves his lie by mashing down a troublesome tuft of grass with his shoe. Such missteps are reported to Bond by his caddie, and Bond is 3 down after nine holes and worried sick. Without a qualm—it regrettably must be reported—Bond decides to cheat back. A good opportunity arises when Goldfinger hits a poor drive into the deep rough. The ball cannot be found, and no wonder. Bond is standing on it.



Rather than admit his ball is lost, Goldfinger fakes finding it after Oddjob drops a new one down his pants leg (above). Bond loudly notes the number of the new ball and, with the match all even, manages to trick Goldfinger into playing a different ball on the 18th. The moment Goldfinger hits it—as it is written in the book—"Bond's heart sang. Got you, you bastard." On the 18th green Bond points out that Goldfinger has apparently hit a wrong ball, and thereby wins the hole and the match. Understandably, "rage suddenly burst Goldfinger's usually relaxed face like a bomb."

Bond pockets his winnings. Goldfinger, impressed, hires him for the Fort Knox job—a mistake worse than a three-putt green—and puts him in touch with the heroine, a New York cat burglar named Gelore (Honor Blackman, a judo expert on British TV). In Fleming's book the girl is a mere bandit; in the more inventive movie version she is the leader of an aerial circus and is employed by Goldfinger to fly a covering action while he tries to pick the locks of Fort Knox. Naturally, Goldfinger's plans go haywire and he gets his comeuppance. Bond, of course, gets Gelore.

RUNNING IS SUCH SWEET TORTURE

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Little Tom O'Hara can go a mile in less than four minutes, and for hours without a halt. Hardly anybody is able to catch up with him—until he stops. Then his rampaging doubts do

A miler runner does not run a mile, he bombards it with logic. He plots it, schemes it, calculates, bisects, barbecues and bakes it. He plots not only against the men who run against him but against the distance itself, because in the end, to be successful at his lonely project, he must be prepared to cross the finish line —to break the tape, if his itinerary is right and God is willing—at the moment his lungs turn to brimstone and his legs to apple butter. Cary Weisiger, a successful miler, schemed to upset Peter Snell, the most successful one a year ago, by beginning his kick (his stretch drive) an unnaturally long distance from the finish —600 yards or more. Weisiger became actually, physically sick at the starting line just thinking of the torture he was about to put himself through.

If by surgery you could expose the psyche of a miler, you would find such a complexity of hot wires and fuses that you would think you had lifted up your head in a terminal box. Milers are the same only in their primordial passion for the race (is it the pain they court? the purifying pain?) and in that curious, introspective, esthetic quality that makes each one appear to have been born in the gatefold of an old book. You half expect milers to blink in the sunlight. They are loners, with ruggedly individual theories and practices that, individually, they cherish. Dyrol Burleson, who has been America's best miler outdoors this season, strikes his fellow milers as being exceptionally evasive (one miler who is less guileful than Burleson wonders if he is just not very friendly). Actually Burleson is not so much taciturn as he is tactical. He was unsettled recently when it was revealed in print that he had been working privately at increased distances, up to 140 miles a week. "Gee, I didn't want that out," he said in his desperate, invasion-plan, loose-lips-sink-ships voice.

Any hiker can run a mile. It takes thought and maturity to be a miler. But most of all it takes passion, and a man cannot reason his passion any more than he can hold his heart in his hand or see love in a glass. What he can do is live with his passion or live it down (often the wise alternative) or put it to use in the form that it takes. "Why do I run?" asks Tom O'Hara (*see cover*), whose passion since his mid-teens has been to run great lonely distances. "Maybe a psychologist could tell me. Or a psychoanalyst. But why should I know? If I knew, then I might not run anymore."

A miler—a distance runner, if you please—is unique among athletes in that he will carry the solitary agony of conditioning into ripe old age for no reason, or for no better reason than to boast (behind a confirming grimace) of the shin splints he collected up at the Y yesterday afternoon. Question: "Why do you run?" Answer: "To run is reason enough." If the passion, together with the dedication and the sensitivity common to milers, is put into a meaningful physical package, then a by-product—success—*will arrive to forever complicate matters.*

In the winter, running indoors, Tom O'Hara of Chicago, product of an unbroken Irish home and a few thousand miles of running over railroad tracks, along beach fronts, down alleyways, in empty corridors and around keep-off-the-grass signs, became the best miler in the world. Success had clearly set in. He won nine straight races, and in Chicago lowered his own world indoor record to 3 minutes 56.4 seconds. But today if Tom O'Hara sat down to breakfast with Dyrol Burleson he would be the second-best miler at the table. Burleson, who has been at the race longer, might tell him that this easily could be a temporary situation, that fortunes change, that it takes a heap of charting to chart 5,280 feet. It is more likely, however, that O'Hara will be allowed to simmer in his doubts. "Am I overtrained? I seem to be tired, you know?" O'Hara fretted in his still-small voice two weeks ago in Los Angeles. Burleson had beaten him for the sixth straight time. "I'm still learning. The pace. The start. When to kick. You know? Strangely enough I still have a good kick, regardless of the pace, if I just knew exactly when. Maybe I'm working too hard. If I make the Olympic team. . . ."

continued

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ADVENTURE IS A CAR CALLED RIVIERA — AND IT'S A BUICK

The ifs that march in solid regiments through O'Hara's conversation are genuine, because he is a genuine Doubting Thomas Martin Ignatius O'Hara, a distracted centipede trying to decide which leg to use first. Milers are like that—they are so often left to their own devices. A steady C+ student at Loyola of Chicago, O'Hara worries over his progress as if failure would strike him down at every impasse. ("The irony is it took me four years of struggling with accounting to find out I didn't want to be an accountant," he said the other day.) A devoted subscriber to the *Track & Field News*, he pores over the agate type until his eyes burn, "getting tremendously encouraged, then getting tremendously discouraged." He suspects hidden breakdowns in his bodily functions. He wears Dr. Scholl shoes to protect his narrow, blistered double-B-width feet—and at a meet on a cool night he is not above trudging around the infield wearing an outsized overcoat over his sweat suit. Recently he has found he can wear away his peace of mind thinking about the tactics that always go wrong against Dyrol Burleson.

Well, for all that, Tom O'Hara *will* make the Olympic team, and on the day he runs a mile in 3:52 and makes the agate type—maybe even an asterisk—in *Track & Field News* there will be 300 people lined up to tell him how right they were. Dr. Ralph Mailliard, for example. Dr. Mailliard was O'Hara's high school coach at St. Ignatius in Chicago, and the first time he saw O'Hara run—frail, unimposing little Tommy O'Hara, the shy kid from Bucktown—he told him to start planning for the 1964 Olympics. That was in 1958. "I've never told a boy that before or since," says Dr. Mailliard, "but with O'Hara there was something—something there you could sense. Guts. Courage. Dedication. Whatever you call it. He never did better than a 4:20 mile for me, so *I* deserve *no* credit, but you could tell it was just a matter of time."

"O'Hara? O'Hara is like people who walk on nails and through fire," says Jerry Weiland, who is his coach at Loyola. "I don't teach him, I learn from him."

"Tom O'Hara," says Australian Distance Runner Ron Clarke, who saw him often last winter, "could run two miles—three miles, even—and break world records."

At Loyola, naturally the hotbed of O'Hara support, there is a modern new crucifix, a mosaic of glazed stones, in the faculty dining room. Father Joseph Pendergast, dean of arts and letters, advises visitors to be sure to see it. "And please notice," he says, "how much it looks like Tommy O'Hara breaking the tape."

The more terrestrial Coach Weiland, who once invented a plastic coaster that "sold like hotcakes" and who has made a million dollars in businesses outside coaching, says he will name his next racehorse Tom O'Hara—if it is good enough. Joseph Parrilli of the Loyola Food Shop gets right to the stomach of the matter: he is thinking about a Tom O'Hara Special—a ham sandwich on white and a quart of orange juice. "Every day on his way back from practice Tom stops in," says Mr. Parrilli. "He doesn't say much. Very shy, you know. But it's always the same—a quart of orange juice and a ham sandwich. Except on Fridays when he has American cheese and mayonnaise. He's a good Catholic, you know."

Around Chicago, O'Hara is now in demand as an after-dinner speaker. His speech is portable (one speech is enough if you watch your schedule), and it generally runs to thank you very much for inviting me—his modesty can be maddening—and please don't let me hold up the dessert. As honored guest, he has attended as many as two or three Irish dances on a weekend. Mrs. Nora O'Hara, Tom's mother, has her particular Irish up, however, because the adulation has spilled over into suspicious territory. A fellow in a black Porsche and an orange ascot and "talking kind of funny" arrived to take pictures of Tom the other day for a girlie magazine. "Isn't that carrying things a wee bit far?" Mrs. O'Hara wanted to know.

Well, then, can success spoil the dedicated, celebrated, granulated, grade-A sanforized miler? Of course it can, just like it can spoil anyone else. Good milers soon discover they are in demand by good track promoters—and by bad track promoters—and the competition is keen enough for a promoter to risk a miler's amateur skin violating amateur codes. Wes Santee, for example, became so cynically adept in the give-and-take of payments and favors when he was running near-four-minute miles a few years ago that the promoters who contaminated him were eventually convinced he curled his lip every night before he went to bed. Sadly, it was Santee who had to suffer, not the promoters.

Jerry Weiland finds that he now spends a good deal of his time fending off offers—"$2,000 for you, Coach, and how about a TV set for the kid?"—and keeping Tom O'Hara from becoming susceptible. O'Hara graduated from Loyola last week and understandably is concerned for his future. (There is, he has discovered, no such thing as a professional miler.) Weiland says Tom ought to stay on at Loyola, continue training, work for the public relations department and study for a degree in law. O'Hara, on the other hand, takes the short view: jump right into public relations for a company large enough to make a tangible return on his reputation. "You can't *tell* boys anything these days," says Weiland, pounding the steering wheel he has a hard time holding on to when he's discussing O'Hara. "Take Tom. This *is* a wonderful boy in every way, but confused all the time. All these guys filling his head."

People who know him best are nevertheless convinced that all the praise and all the poor advice that swims in Tom O'Hara's head will never turn it, and that his appealing naïveté—not necessarily a miler's stock equipment—is permanent. Athletic Director-Basketball Coach George Ireland almost has to force O'Hara to accept basketball tickets to Loyola's games, even though Tom is a big fan and tickets are scarce. "He'd come in here blushing and ask me for one ticket to the game," says Ireland. "'Don't you have a date?' I'd ask him. 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'Well, won't you need two tickets?' 'Yes, sir, I suppose so.' He hasn't changed in four years."

Promoters had O'Hara fly out to Los Angeles a week early for the recent Compton meet to appear on television and help accelerate ticket sales. Weiland would not be along until the weekend, so O'Hara was left to fathom the Sheraton West alone. On Monday morning one of the meet officials spotted him at the hotel cashier's desk. "Tom, what are you doing over here?" he asked. "I'm paying my bill for last night," O'Hara replied.

As milers go, Tom O'Hara is of unheroic proportions. Mousemeat, spectators call him. He is gaunt even by the

continued

spare standards of distance runners: 5 feet 9, 130 pounds. Most of it—the Nutriment and chocolate malts he attacks faithfully—appears to have settled in his calves. He takes his structural shortcomings philosophically. "I tried lifting weights for a while, but somebody moved them someplace. I couldn't find them so I quit. Arms are just for balance, anyway."

O'Hara's hair is the color of pumpkin—he is dismayed that a Chicago sportswriter persists in calling it pink—and he wears it long so that when he is in full flight he seems to be sailing beneath a luffing orange canopy. Because he has had to watch his step running over railroad tracks and down alleys, he runs with his eyes down and looks like a 10 o'clock scholar who is afraid he may be recognized and reported to the truant officer. He plucks and pulls absently at his satin pants as he runs. (One woman wrote to ask if he had a secret cache of vitamins he kept digging into as the race progressed.) O'Hara saw himself run on a television recording once. "I laughed the whole race through," he said. "That's nothing compared to the old folks' way you walk," said a friend who had become weary of O'Hara's poke-along gait. "I just happen to be one of those guys who doesn't know how to walk," explained O'Hara.

The sun does not tan Tom O'Hara. Instead it gives him a perpetual glow of embarrassment, or of a small boy pleased with a new discovery. There have been many new discoveries since Tom the miler became Tom the Successful Miler, not the least of which was the Polish girl he met while touring eastern Europe with an all-star American team last summer. Mother O'Hara was undisturbed until she heard an interpretation of one of the subsequent letters the girl wrote. "Why, Tom, she's hintin' at marrrriage!" Mrs. O'Hara said in her light brogue. Tom, more worldly-wise by the minute, said not to worry, that he knew it, that the idea was strictly singular and that European girls always seem to get the mistaken notion that all Americans are rich Americans. "Who could afford to bring her over here anyway?" he said. The East-West romance died a natural death.

The O'Haras live in a second-floor walk-up apartment over a currency exchange on Elston Avenue in a tough-ugly industrial section in Chicago's near north side. Bucktown, it is called—once predominantly Polish but now without particular ethnic character. Or prejudice. The apartment is plain and lived-in—linoleum floors and pipes that stick out and "O'Hara" penciled into the cracked brown paint on the mailbox downstairs. Not a good deal to show for the senior Tom O'Hara's 31 years with the city of Chicago, perhaps, but upstairs there is the warmth and love of genuine filial closeness, as good an argument as Mr. O'Hara needs when Mrs. O'Hara begins talking about moving across town. Young Tom is the focus of the O'Hara interest these days, of course. Mike, 16, is particularly proud because his big brother, whom he outweighs by 20 pounds, has taken to wearing Mike's striped dress shirts on dates. Mike is plump from good food. Noreen, 22, who is now Mrs. Daniel Bubalo, Tom, 21, and Patricia, 13, take after their mother. Nora O'Hara never weighed an ounce more than 98 pounds in her life.

It was to the warm O'Hara hearth and Mrs. O'Hara's Irish cooking that Tom fled after one semester of Loyola cafeteria food. "I couldn't take that synthetic stuff," Tom announced.

"What you wahnted was your peanut-butterr-and-jelly sandwiches, that's all," says Mrs. O'Hara, bright, pixie little Irish face.

"Are peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches really good for a miler in training?" Tom was asked.

"Ma thinks so," he said, smiling, "and Ma knows all about milers. She reads the papers, knows all the times and everything."

"He eats 'em because thurrr easy to fix and he can eat 'em all day long, comin' and goin', that's all," says Mrs. O'Hara.

Bucktown boys have a tendency toward aimlessness, the O'Haras believe, so they packed Tom off to St. Ignatius High—two buses away—as soon as he was old enough. St. Ignatius outlived (with honor) the Chicago fire and Prohibition street wars. There are some left-over bullet holes in the walls, and a point of interest is the spot where a bootlegger's riddled body was flung over the fence into the schoolyard. It is now a school reputed to have high scholarship and a no-nonsense faculty. It also has Dr. Mailliard, who for 35 years has pressured aimless boys off doorsteps into track shoes. In addition, Dr. Mailliard is a full professor at DePaul. His St. Ignatius teams have won 26 championships in Chicago's Catholic high school league.

The day Tommy O'Hara told his mother he was going to run the mile for St. Ignatius, Mrs. O'Hara smiled and told him he was out of his skinny little red head. Leading the neighborhood in ringalevio and Johnny-across, and winning speed-skating medals in the park, was one thing, but running yourself to exhaustion was quite another. "You'll waste away to nothin', small as you arr," she said. Tom quit on his own after one week—he didn't like all those exercises. "I told the coach my father wanted me to pay more attention to my studies." He had not accurately gauged Dr. Mailliard's persistence, however, and before long he was back at it. When it came time for college he was good enough for three scholarship offers: Notre Dame, Loyola and Georgetown. He chose Loyola because he wanted to stay close to home. "We thought he'd be good," said Coach Weiland, recalling O'Hara's unsensational freshman year, "but there was no way to know he was going to be *this* good." O'Hara ran his first sub-four-minute mile in February of 1963. Since then he has run under four on eight occasions.

To run one mile in competition, a miler—one with logic and passion—will consume as many as 1,600 miles in preparation. Tom O'Hara can run two and a half hours at a time. From his apartment in the morning he disappears into the labyrinth of Bucktown alleys, railroad beds and industry lots, varying his routes to make it interesting, and returns five or six miles later. In the winter he also runs in the Chicago Avenue Armory, two blocks from the downtown classrooms of Loyola. Clop-clopping along the darkened corridors, he is known to workmen only as "the kid who runs in the halls." When the weather is good, as it almost becomes in the Chicago springtime, he takes the "L" down to the main campus—"He's really faster than the L," says Athletic Director Ireland, "but I suppose he likes to ride once in a while"—changes to his sweat suit, does 25 toe-touches, and takes off for the lakefront. There he often picks up a coterie of Dr. Mailliard's young milers from St. Ignatius. He gives them pointers, and they admire his style. One boy recently ran into a light pole admiring his style.

Of all the demons that drive a miler, the most persistent is the conditioning



LIKE A CAST OF FINE IRISH PLAYERS, O'HARAS TOM, BROTHER MIKE, MOTHER AND SISTER PATRICIA GO UP BACK WAY TO APARTMENT

program he sets for himself. Rather than shirk it, he would sooner eat brickdust. At 7:30 in the morning after their race at Compton, both O'Hara and Burleson were out in the park near the Sheraton West, running their separate ways.

In his persisting effort to be one of the fellows, O'Hara will take an occasional beer, or stay out until 12, and he has become, in his new worldly fashion, a dancing fool ("I can keep going and going, you know"), but if his convictions about Spartan living sometimes bend, they are unbreakable. "Baseball players, for example, aren't really athletes," he says in a moment of stern reflection. "You read about guys like Bo Belinsky out hoozing it up every night, and like that. I think probably the worst guy on our team is in better shape than most baseball players, you know?" Once Tom has begun his program, there is no stopping him. Icicles have formed in his eyebrows as he pounded along on raw winter days. "Running," says Nora O'Hara, "is Lent for Tom."

There is some question as to what system, or *whose* system, Tom subscribes to, other than his own. (Nobody trains *with* a miler, of course, unless it is another miler.) Don Amidei was his freshman coach at Loyola and, though he moved on to DePaul to become head coach, he has maintained influence. "Amidei yells at Tom," says a friend, "and Tom likes to be yelled at. It keeps him going."

"Amidei reads a lot of books," says O'Hara. He says he follows the two-part series Amidei outlines: strength through cross-country running. Tom has been chased off the finest lawns by custodians and off the best expressways by cops—and then speed work in volume. Where O'Hara departs from, say, a Jim Beatty or other milers coached by the fine Hungarian expatriate, Mihaly Igloi, is in his speed work. He will run quarter miles *slower* than his capacity. He will do as many as 16 quarter miles in one workout, running each in 62 to 64 seconds. Beatty might do them at 56 seconds. O'Hara believes this makes Beatty susceptible to injury.

There is a decided difference, too, in the approach to a race. Igloi teaches that you run against the clock and the result will take care of itself. Dyrol Burleson, on the other hand, runs only to win. He does not give a nickel's concern for flashy times. All he cares is that his time is better than anyone else's who might be on the track with him.

O'Hara is sometimes torn between the two theories. Igloi, watching him lose to Burleson for the sixth time, said he was *convinced O'Hara needed to follow—*or even set—a faster pace. "He must have tempo. A slow pace is not good for him, it is good for Burleson. He must run, run, run."

The problem is enough to give a logical, successful miler insomnia, or nightmares. Logical, successful miler Tom O'Hara says he *does* lie awake mulling it over and worrying about it, but when he dreams he does not dream about it. "When I dream," says O'Hara, blushing wildly, "I dream about girls." There are times when even the best logic breaks down. **END**

"Getting to first base" is a universal idiom now, as much a part of the language of romance—or business—as it is of baseball. In the sport itself, the 90 feet to first remain the prime challenge for every man who steps to the plate. It is a tantalizing distance that takes even the fastest about 3.5 seconds to run—or just the time it takes for most balls hit to the infield to be fielded and thrown to first for a close play. So close are those plays that umpires use both sight and sound to arrive at a decision; they watch the runner's feet and listen for the blunt slam of the ball in the first baseman's glove. The race between man and ball, viewed in a unique manner or from an interesting angle as it is on the following pages, can be a provocative scene. On a rare occasion, too, it results in a portrait of remarkable grace, like this one of Mickey Mantle straining his powerful though oddly fragile legs in battle with the immutable dimensions of the diamond.

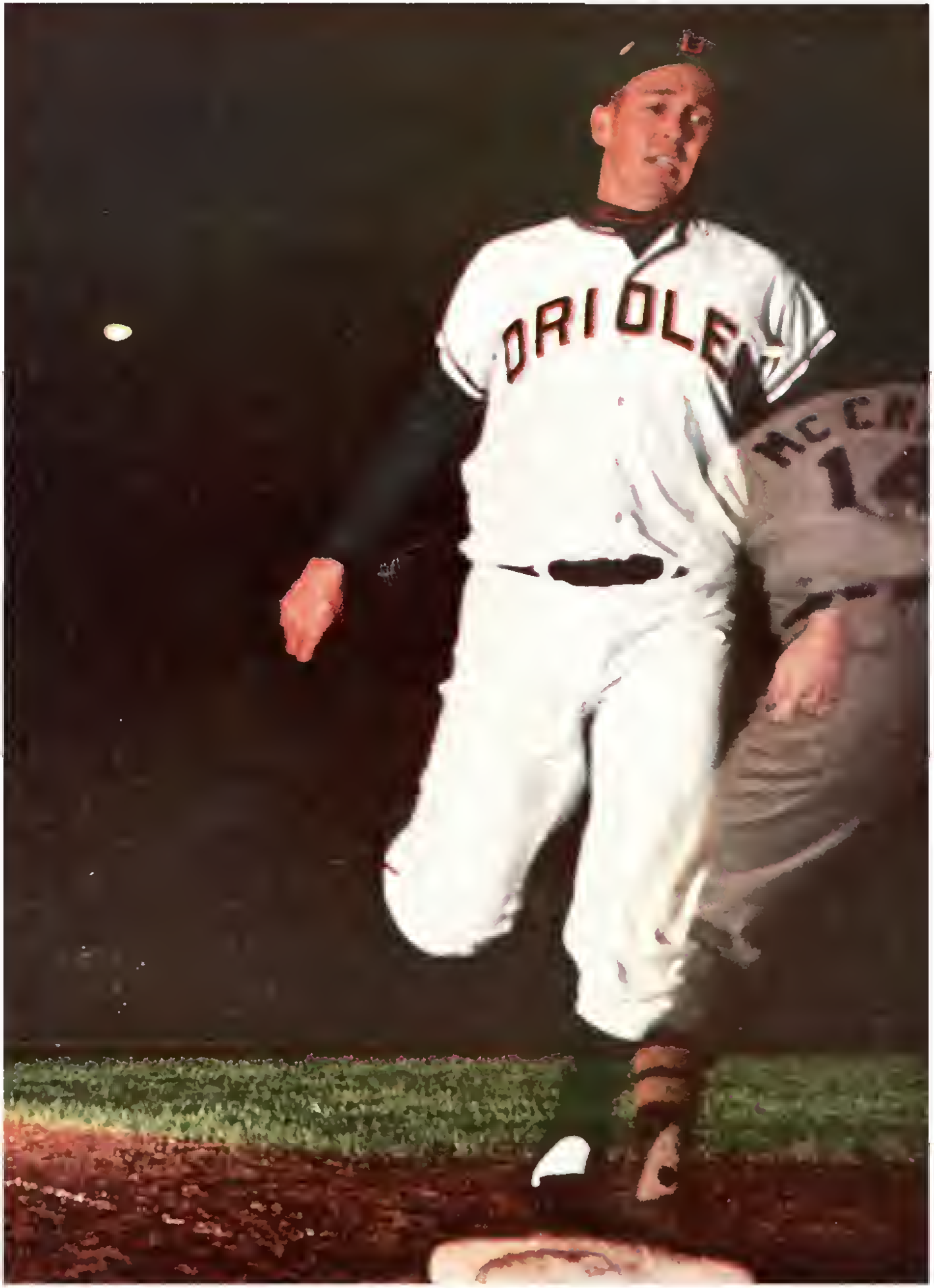
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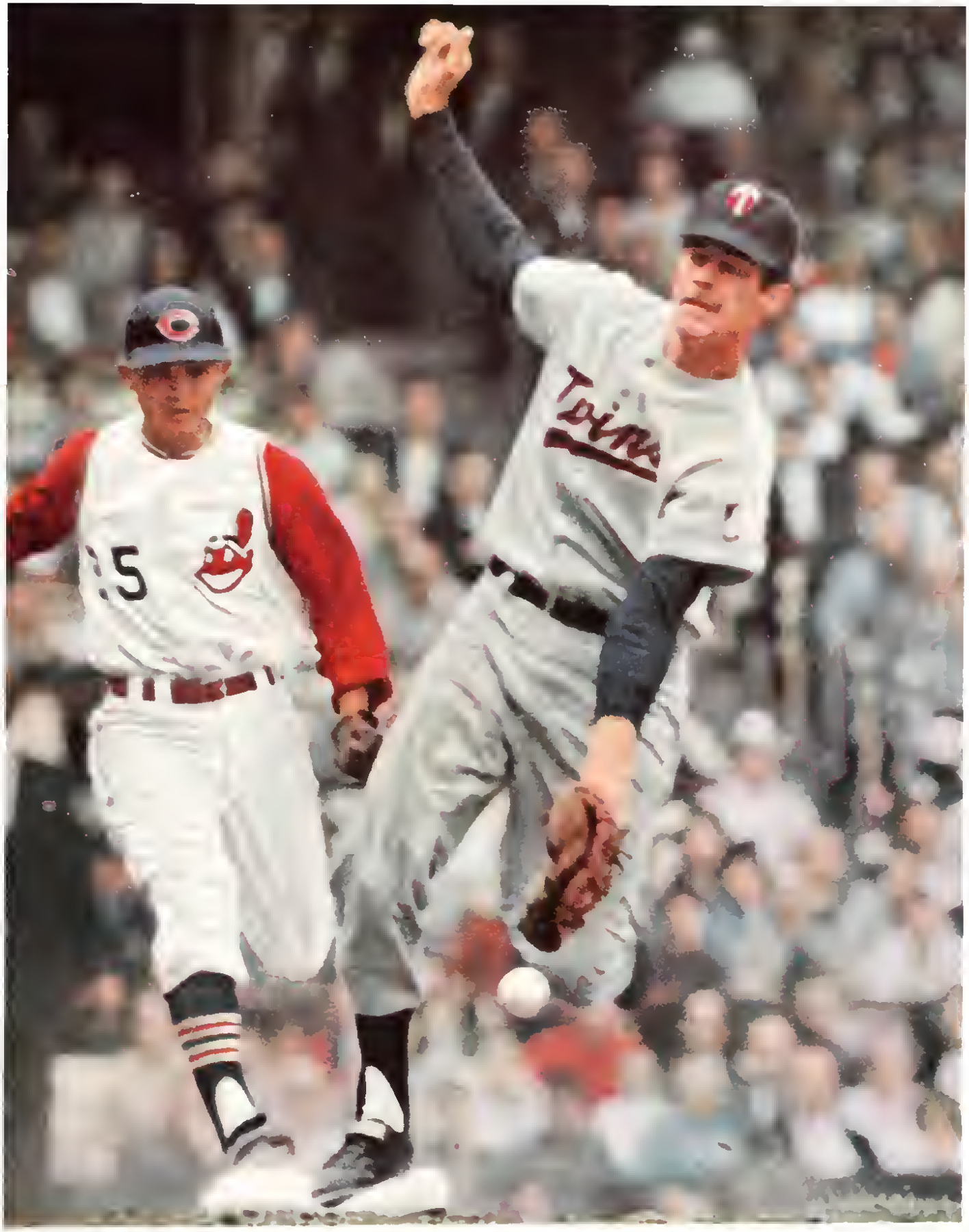
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NEW YORK

MULTIPLE EXPOSURE CATCHES BROOKS ROBINSON SWINGING AT THE PLATE, STRAINING AT MIDPOINT AND BEATEN AT FIRST




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PITCHER BILL DAILEY BEATS VIC DAVALILLO TO FIRST BUT DROPS THROW



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BUSIEST VOICE IN A BUSY, BUSY CLAN

by **BARBARA LA FONTAINE**

It belongs to Gladys Heldman, wife and mother of champions. She publishes, edits and all but hand-delivers 43,000 copies of 'World Tennis' each month and still finds time to play a good game herself

"He threw me out of the bedroom last week," Gladys Heldman said. "Ask him about *that*."

"He" is her husband, Julius, who is product-development manager for Shell Oil in New York, and it was not really Gladys but only her magazine that he threw out of the bedroom. Eleven years earlier her mother had to throw her out of the house for the same reason—the magazine was taking up too much room. Mrs. Heldman is the publisher of *World Tennis*. She is also editor—*in toto*, not just in chief—and the art department, layout department, advertising department, copy department and circulation department. She no longer, however, has to stick on the labels.

The tennis world is one in which enthusiasm too often boils down to a mess of spites, cliques, feuds, factionalism and internecine warfare, and probably no voice cuts across all the nonsense like Gladys Heldman's. This alone would be useful to tennis, but the list of her additional services is long. It includes, in 1959, guaranteeing the promoters against loss to save the 56th installment of the indoor nationals when the USLTA had voted not to hold it. The event, which has never been a moneymaker, netted $8,000 under Gladys' handling. She has airlifted amateurs from all over the world to U.S. tournaments, finding them sponsors and accommodations, transporting them, feeding them and keeping them amused. She established the now annual Tennis Ball, "because there wasn't any party for the players," and "no party" is, to Gladys Heldman, a most unfortunate state of affairs. (Her latest effort to guard against any dangerous lack of parties is the sponsoring of a regular series of dinners honoring famous tennis players.) It was Gladys who engineered the massive benefit for Art Larsen, critically injured in a motorscooter accident in 1956. Crowds were turned away from New York's Seventh Regiment Armory, and the money raised has been the principal line of defense for Larsen's medical expenses. "She's the friend in need of every tennis player in the world," Julius says of her.

Her magazine, *World Tennis*, is a valuable forum for airing tennis problems and squabbles, to say nothing of Mrs. Heldman's own views, and it is accurate

and comprehensive, international in scope but intimate in tone. The circulation is up to 43,000, which is more than any other tennis magazine has ever commanded. It got there because Gladys worked 22-hour days and seven-day weeks and sank into it, she estimates, some $100,000 over the past decade. "I'm going to pay me back," she says, "but right now there are too many things I want to do."

If Julius Heldman threw *World Tennis* out of the bedroom, it was not because he himself doesn't care for the game. Julius is a perfectly remarkable tennis player. He did well on the circuit before he left it at the age of 19, and perhaps he did even better afterward when, as much less than a weekend player, he defeated such competitors as Jack Kramer, Ted Schroeder and Herbie Flam. He is still not even a weekend player, but in Salisbury, Md. last February he won the national indoor senior championship.

Naturally, the Heldmans' two girls play tennis, and they play it very well. In 1958, when the girls were 12 and 13, *The New York Times* quoted Gladys as saying that she and Julius played to beat them by big fat scores. "That keeps them in line," she said. "Anyway, we couldn't stand losing to such little girls." Carrie and Julie went to tennis camp at Hamtramck, Mich. until, in their mid-teens, they decided they were too old for camp, "so they went off on the circuit with some other kids," Gladys says. "Carrie's strokes were pretty unorthodox—not that we make too much of orthodoxy—but she suddenly got the idea that she wanted classical strokes, and she asked if she could go to California to study with my old coach, Tom Stow. What he did with her in a month was unbelievable. She probably has the best-looking strokes in the family." Carrie, now 19, was twice Canadian girls' champion and has some 40 trophies in the cellar from the years when she was feeling so earnest about her tennis. She is feeling less earnest now and has virtually left the competitive play to her sister, 18-year-old Julie M ("M" to distinguish her from her father, who says, reasonably, "I call her Julie. There's no doubt in *my* mind who I mean")

Springy, wiry little Julie M is the national junior champion and the 10th-ranked American woman. Her game is solid again, after a wavery spell two years ago. "I hit a peak," she says. "I won the TVI [Tennessee Valley Invitation], the Southern, the Tri-State, and I got to the finals of the Western and the semis of the Clay Courts, and then I had a huge slump. I hate playing badly, I just hate it. I've gotten to the point now where if I play well I don't even mind losing so much. But if you play badly all the time, how are you going to stand it!"

She's not the only Heldman to have grappled with that problem. In 1954 her mother played at Wimbledon. Not center court—in fact, a very remote court—and she went down 6-0, 6-0 before a gallery of three. One of them was Julius. Gladys wept, and Julius shouted to her, "It's all right, Gladys, I still love you. Only not as much."

This moment survives in Gladys' answer now to Julie M, who says, "I call up crying and say, 'Mommy, I lost,' and she says, 'Tough luck, kid. What's the matter? Do you think we don't still love you?'"

Perhaps, in a way, Gladys' game is the most remarkable in the family. Granted, her once ranking first in Texas probably was the high point of her competitive career, but she never held a racket until after her marriage, and she was never taught to use it until after the birth of both girls. This did not prevent Gladys from coaching tennis, however, before learning how to play the game.

Gladys, the daughter of a New York lawyer and jurist, George Z. Medalie, graduated from Stanford, with straight A's, on June 14, 1942. On June 15, 1942 she married Julius Heldman. Julius was an instructor in chemistry at the University of California in Berkeley, and Gladys took her master's there in medieval history, intending to go on for her doctorate. "But I saw an ad," she explains, "saying 'Wanted: Full Professors.' It was a little college, the Williams Institute in Berkeley. Well, Juli was an instructor, so of course I wanted to be a full professor. I became a full professor of mathematics, and I taught a course in the history of Western civilization and second-year math—calculus and differential equations—and I hadn't had first-year math. I would assign problems blithely that I couldn't do, and my husband had his Ph.D. in physical chemistry and he wouldn't help me. That's how I learned mathematics. ["I did too help her," Julius says.] And I coached tennis, and I was five months pregnant, all for $1.25 an hour." It was a year later that she got around to being instructed by Tom Stow. "A great, great coach," she says fervently. "He taught Don Budge."

The Heldmans were doing a lot of moving around in those early years of their marriage. During the war Julius was tapped for the Manhattan Project, and they left Berkeley for Oak Ridge, Tenn. There were men there he had known at Cal, but "everything was so secret the scientists couldn't even talk to each other about it," he says of operations. It was in this atmosphere that a limousine drove up to the lab one day and a chauffeur told Heldman ominously, "Dr. Lawrence wants to see you." Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence was the top civilian in the electromagnetic separation project at Oak Ridge. He had invented the cyclotron and won a Nobel Prize, and Julius was paralyzed. "I trotted out thinking, 'What have I done? My God, I'm a spy!' But it turned out that Dr. Lawrence was a tennis nut. They drove me home to pick up some tennis clothes, and I played with him about every two weeks at the high school."

After the war the Heldmans returned to Berkeley and resumed life at the usual pace. Gladys was turning into a monomaniac. "Those were the days," she recalls, "when I just couldn't wait to go to bed so it would be time to get up again and play tennis. I played eight or nine sets a day. I would often play two tournaments at the same time. I remember once in Long Beach I played on a Sunday morning in the finals of the singles, doubles and the mixed, and then I drove to Santa Monica and in the afternoon I played the first round of the singles, doubles and mixed. And then, if there had been a vacant court, I assure you I would have practiced."

It was after the war that Julius decided to leave teaching to go with Shell Oil and to write a definitive text on glassblowing. His early research—on the photolysis of acetaldehyde—had required him to blow his own scientific glass. "Acetaldehyde," Julius says, "is a very fussy, touchy ma-

continued

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terial. If you don't treat it very carefully, things happen to it." When he got to Oak Ridge there had been more fussy, touchy materials, and only one other glassblower. "Glassblowing made terrible demands on our time," he said. "I considered teaching a class in it, but there was no text. Now, this is like Gladys and me: I took off two months and wrote the book, and I ran into the dean of chemistry at Cal and told him I'd written a book on glassblowing. He said Prentice-Hall wanted it and they gave me $1,000 in advance, and Gladys spent it the next day on a grand piano." Who played the piano in the Heldman family? "Absolutely nobody. But Gladys thought our living room in Berkeley needed a grand piano," Julius said. "We sold it when we moved to Texas."

Shell sent Julius to Texas in 1949. The Heldmans took a small farm in Genoa, outside of Houston and a long drive from the tennis courts—which did not prevent Gladys from negotiating the distance once or twice a day. The girls learned to ride there. "Bareback," Gladys says, "because we never had time to saddle the horses." They boarded some racing mares, tried to raise turkeys, kept two cats, Iphigenia and Agamemnon, and bought a pig. "The kids named him Uncle Willie. They had an Uncle Willie—he was a real uncle," Gladys says, "and when the family found out all hell broke loose."

"A pig is bought for a purpose," Julius went on, as if to avoid the more painful aspects of this, "to get rid of garbage on a place where you don't have garbage disposal. At first it couldn't eat all of it, but within weeks we had to buy food for it."

Most of the turkeys died of pneumonia and, what with having to buy food for the garbage disposal, the Heldmans were not the compleat farmers. But they were busy. Gladys was organizing the Texas Davis Cup team, which included Julius, Felix Kelley, Bobby Kamrath and Howard Startzman. They played a team of U.S. Davis Cuppers—Gardnar Mulloy, Billy Talbert, Frank Shields and Sidney Wood. Gladys says, "The U.S. just edged us out. But it was close. If five points had gone the other way, Texas would have won."

Another thing Gladys was busy with was a single mimeographed sheet called *The Houston Tennis News*, which she scribbled herself and which a Mr. Turner in Houston mimeographed for nothing. Gladys would force it upon everyone. *The Houston Tennis News* grew into a four-page printed affair, and in 1951, moving relentlessly forward, it became something she called *the round-up*. The eight-page *round-up* went to 16 pages. The players wrote for it. "In Gar's column," Gladys recalled of Mulloy, "he used to blast the USLTA." Billy Talbert used to defend it. Gladys added gossip columns and some short stories—"pretty silly," she says of those, thoughtfully—and made up crossword puzzles and Double-Crostics. The latter were



AFTER GAME Carrie, Gladys' brother Arthur, Juli and Gladys gather at net

not so much silly as illegal, being copyrighted, but she did not find that out until later.

Characteristically, Gladys' idea of fun was becoming a great deal of work. She wrote *the round-up*, got it printed, handed it out and found herself mailing copies as well. She sat up at night to cut address plates on a typewriter and, with her trusty Elliott hand addresser, hand-addressed *round-ups*. "I hand-stamped them," she says. "Two hundred of them—the people in the apartment below used to complain. I could hear them with the broom, going 'clonk!'" Toward the end Gladys was selling her publication, not giving it away. *The round-up* ended in 1953, and *World Tennis* began when Gar Mulloy said to Gladys, "Why don't we do a magazine?"

"Gar said he would take care of getting the ads, and I could do the writing."

continued

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The Robert D. Highs, of Medina, Ohio, found many fascinating items to buy in the Sampaguita Crafts Center. They also found their Citibank Travelers Checks most welcome as payment...just as they had been for their every travel need.



Test No. 3—Availability—in Amarillo

Rancher T. L. Roach, Jr. carries Citibank Travelers Checks at home and on frequent trips. Finds them easy to buy at the Amarillo National Bank. Takes just minutes at banks everywhere.



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OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK
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Gladys explains. "So we did, and the first few years we lost thousands of dollars. One month it would lose $4,000, the next month it would lose $6,000. Gar and I were putting out so much money! The third year we were turned down again by all the big advertisers, and we knew it would cost us another $40,000 or $50,000, and he said, 'Let's quit. I just can't afford this.' But I couldn't quit."

The first issue of *World Tennis* had come out in Houston, but Shell transferred Julius again, this time to New York. "The next issues came out in Mother's apartment," says Gladys. "She was in Europe. When she came home and saw her apartment—players running in and out, and printers delivering things, she said, 'I love you very much, dear, but why don't you get an office?' So we found an office that had been a candy store; we never did take down the sign." The candy store was small. "I remember," daughter Carrie says, "that when there were five of us in there stuffing envelopes we couldn't move our elbows."

"I used to go there at 6 in the morning," Gladys says, "and get home at 4 the next morning. For the first year I never went out at night, and I worked weekends." The idea of Gladys working nights and weekends will bring tears to the eyes of her friends. "This is the only family in the world," Carrie says, "where I wait up for my mother to get in."

"That was the only time my husband ever really complained," Gladys went on pensively. "The candy store was upstairs over a little old man who sold ice in the summer and kerosene in the winter, and the kerosene came up through the floor. You were afraid to light a match, and I reeked of it. I'd come home and ask my husband, 'But *why* don't you want to kiss me?' "

Even with a good secretarial assistant and the labor of everybody she could dragoon into stuffing envelopes, Gladys was working long days and weekends and not going to parties. She was coming home from the Skonk Works to an olfactorily unappreciative husband, and she was still losing money.

In 1954 things looked up a bit. Sidney Wood came up to the candy store and looked (and smelled) around. "Your office isn't very charming," he observed mildly, and invited Gladys and her magazine to move over to his laundry. "It was really spacious!" Gladys recalls.

continued

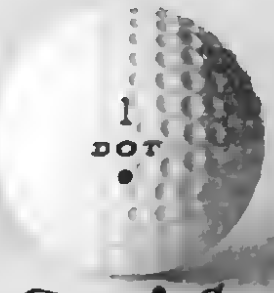
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80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK&R, 1964

"The laundry trucks came and moved us, and we were there for two years. Until they tore it down. We got into the office by the freight elevator, and we shared the space with a glove dyer, Mr. Imburgia. Mr. Imburgia and I still exchange Christmas cards. There was a partition, but it didn't go all the way up, and when he was dyeing gloves this great cloud would rise."

But a cloud of steam was an improvement over a total suffusion of kerosene; Gladys was, as usual, moving forward. Three years ago an accountant was doing her books and moaned, "What are you doing this for? It's impossible. You'll never make any money." "The next time he came the books balanced, and he dropped dead," Gladys said, with mixed emotions. (Actually it was a week or so later, not at that moment on the spot.)

"This last year has been the very, very greatest," Gladys says happily. "Forty-three thousand is the most any tennis magazine ever was. We have Mattie Clark—she takes all my dictation over the phone, and she answers the telephone and says '*World Tennis*,' and if they want the advertising department she says, 'Just a minute,' and she becomes Mrs. Harrison and says, 'Advertising.' Otherwise she's circulation. And we have a girl to help her, and a great young boy named Jim, and I don't ever have to type an invoice anymore.

"You know, I used to be able to recite all the states in alphabetical order and all the major cities and the first-, second- and third-class postal rates to them all. I bet Mattie still can."

Mattie cannot, largely because, as she points out, she does not have to. The systems Gladys devised at the beginning function so effectively that the new scope of the magazine puts no strain on them at all. Gladys has even sliced through the mystique in which printers are wont to envelop themselves. "Oh, that can't be done, Mrs. Heldman," printers have said about something, shortly before they have found themselves doing it.

Gladys Heldman happens to have been interested in putting out a tennis magazine. Had her interest been sheet metal or cookies, U.S. Steel or Nabisco would probably be trembling like leaves.

"You're dealing with a mind, remember," Julius Heldman says. "I never expected her to sit around like a lump. I remember when she was working on her master's in history a lot of the source ma-

terial was in medieval Latin, and medieval Latin is a very different language from regular Latin. Gladys found a book that was particularly helpful, because the text was printed in the medieval Latin on the left-hand page and medieval French on the right. One of my favorite memories is of Gladys' mother visiting us and the two of them sitting side by side on the couch, her mother translating the Latin and Gladys the French. 'Very good, C.K.,' Gladys said when they finished. 'You only made two mistakes.'" Gladys' mother is 80 years old, though she will sometimes lie about her age. When Mrs. Medalie lies about her age she claims to be 92.

"She went to the University of Heidelberg last summer," Gladys says, "and she wrote me, 'Darling, I'm in the top quarter of my class,' but I can't remember now what she was studying. The year before, she studied politics at Oxford. The year before that she went on safari. She had a Zulu guide, and she stayed in a mud hut. Just a looking safari. She became a vegetarian when I was about 10, but I think she's started to cheat.

"She's been to Russia twice and to France about 25 times—she's never stayed in the same hotel there twice. She went to India, just to see the little towns; she had her Kleenex and her bottled water and her soap. Tuesday nights she goes to French class. Her French is superb, but her accent is atrocious. She knows Latin, Greek, German, Italian—aside from that, she's no damn good."

Obviously, on June 15, 1942 Julius Heldman acquired a formidable wife and mother-in-law. Fortunately, he was quite formidable himself.

Something of a prodigy, he entered UCLA at 15, where he did brilliantly in chemistry and, as a 17-year-old sophomore, won the national junior tennis championship. He took his doctorate in physical chemistry, and in 1942–43 he was a National Research Fellow. That brought him up to Gladys and that spell as instructor to her full professorship, but it was quite a short spell.

"My husband is the best rider in the family," Gladys says, looking at a picture of Julius on a horse. "In fact, he's the best one in the family at everything, and he's the only scientist who looks like he ought to be a movie star."

"You should see her in a bikini," says Juli, forgetting his wife's mind. END



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The state governors were concentrating on politics for the most part at their convention in Cleveland, and only a few found time to relax. One was **John Connally** of Texas, who took in the harness races at Northfield Park. Another was **James Rhodes** of Ohio, who managed to get half a dozen fellow governors out to Municipal Stadium, where they saw the Cleveland Indians split a doubleheader with the Washington Senators. The governors' ladies were really the better sportsmen, they went off to Pepper Pike Club one day and had themselves a golf tournament. It rained for awhile and they had to huddle on the porch outside the men-only clubhouse, but when it stopped **Mrs. Pat Brown** of California won top honors and half a dozen golf balls with a net of 71.

Golf is the big sport with most people in show business, but Singer **Johnny Mathis** likes basketball. "I carry two basketballs in the trunk of my car," Mathis says. "I warm up for every record session and every nightclub performance by playing basketball. You'd be surprised what it does for the vocal cords."

Rumor said that **Jackie Gleason** was going to telecast his comedy show next season from Miami so that he could be on hand to campaign the kennel of racing greyhounds he was supposedly planning to buy. But the real reason for the portly comic's move to Florida is golf, he wants to play every day. He'll have a five-room suite at the Doral Country Club and an 18-hole course at his doorstep, and he is anticipating a long sunny winter of fairway weather.

"You're forced to help out yourself if your croupier doesn't turn up," explained former Middleweight Champion **Terry Downes** (*below*) as he took over a gambling table at his club in London. Along with his casino, the 28-year-old Downes owns 34 betting shops, a racehorse, a 1961 Rolls-Royce and roughly $1 million. "I still like to box," said Terry. "Otherwise I wouldn't be able to sleep at night."

Lending a touch of somewhat grimy glamour to A. J. Foyt's pit crew at the Player's 200 sports car race at Mosport, Ontario was singer **Keely Smith**. Keely's presence pleased the crowd of 52,224, but she couldn't do much for Foyt's Scarab, which broke down. He had to abandon the race.

Joseph Louis Barrow Jr., whose father, **Joe Louis**, was born in a one-story farmhouse in an Alabama cotton field and never got through high school, graduated from the exclusive (scholastically and financially) University High School on the campus of the University of Chicago. The old heavyweight champion's son plans to attend Boston University because, "I like Boston. It is a very cultural city, and it has tremendous college facilities."

Heard nightly over the public-address system at Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine is Pitcher **Don Drysdale**'s fast-selling recording of *Our Love*. "Sometimes," says the best right-handed singer in the National League, "I don't even notice it."

The youngest of his acting and singing family, 24-year-old recording star **Ricky Nelson**, a black-belt man in karate, an excellent surfer and once the fifth-ranked 15-and-under tennis player in the state of California, has a new pastime —bicycles. For their first wedding anniversary, he and his wife Kris exchanged "stingrays," little bikes with small wheels and big handlebars. "I also bought a track bike and a unicycle," said Ricky, "but I still have not mastered the fine art of going backwards on the unicycle."

After 14 years of playing golf, **Dr. Norman Topping**, president of the University of Southern California, scored his first hole in one when he aced the 145-yard second hole at the California Country Club in Whittier with a five-wood. Score another one for brains over brawn. Topping's playing partner in their foursome, USC football coach **John McKay**, needed a plain ordinary old par 3 to get from tee to cup.

Tenor **Lauritz Melchior**, 74, packed his guns, kissed his brand-new bride goodby and flew off to arctic Norway. **Walter O'Malley**, hearing that the polar bears were running, left the problem of the Dodgers' woeful hitting to his subordinates and joined his friend the opera singer on his safari to the snow country.

Delaware's Attorney General **David P. Buckson** had to forgo driving his crack pacer Coldwell Kid at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia in order to stay home in Delaware and file entry in another race—the one next November for governor of the state. Even with a substitute driver sitting in the sulky, the 5-year-old Kid came steaming home first to win $1,400 for his Republican owner's gubernatorial campaign fund.



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL

UNHOOKING THE HEADSAIL, CREWMEN DON BARDGETT AND NEVILLE DIAS ARE HIGHLY VISIBLE IN BRIGHT GLOW OF THE MORGAN ONE-PIECE DECK SUIT ($45) AND PULLOVER ($25) WITH A COTTON-KNIT LINING.

Rail down in a Bermuda blow (above), the crew of the sloop "Force Seven" tests John Morgan waterproofs, England's best foul-weather gear, available to U.S. deep-water sailors for the first time this America's Cup summer.

CONTINUED



THE MORGAN WATERPROOFS

The sailing gear worn here by Bermuda Skipper Warren Brown and his crew is the best ever designed for ocean racing. This summer for the first time it is being brought across the ocean for U.S. yachtsmen. It is made by John Morgan and Sons of Cowes and Southampton, England, a firm founded in 1820 that holds a royal charter: it fitted out the crew of Prince Philip's yacht *Bluebottle*. The men of the two British contenders for the America's Cup—*Kurrewa* and *Sovereign*—wear Morgan waterproofs. Morgan gear is exceptional because it is made of tough, non snagging, coated nylon weighing four ounces to the yard, and it is as waterproof as man has ever made a woven fabric. The clothes fit snugly but comfortably about the neck, wrists and ankles, using such devices as adjustable snap fasteners and elastic bands. Pockets have deep flaps that fold over like envelopes and keep water out. Many are taped with strips of Velcro to keep them tightly sealed. Hefty, easy-to-pull zippers are made of noncorroding nylon, and the ones on jackets are covered by storm flaps. There are drawstrings at neck, waist and jacket bottom. The unique one-piece deck suit is designed for the comfort of the offshore sailor. Most waterproofs are available in royal blue, red, yellow or fluorescent orange. The last is the most visible color in the spectrum and is worn as a precaution by oceangoing sailors. Other Morgan specialties, such as dress blazers, white flannels, caps, oiled-wool sweaters and shirts made of terry toweling, are imported by Sailor and Shopkeeper Richard Sullivan of Oyster Bay on Long Island, Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club harbor. Sullivan's firm, Bradford-Law, is the U.S. agent for the Morgan line. All the gear shown here is available in small, medium and large sizes, and can be ordered by mail. A small-size garment will fit a size-12 lady sailor.



STORM COAT ($38) AT TOP RIGHT HAS A NYLON ZIPPER, A BUTTON-OVER FLAP, A COTTON LINING, WATERTIGHT CUFFS.

YELLOW SLICKER ($45) WORN BY SKIPPER BROWN (LEFT) HAS A BLUE NYLON LINING AND VELCRO-SEALED POCKETS.

A NYLON HOODED BIB ($6) IS WORN BY HELMSMAN (RIGHT) TO ADD PROTECTION FROM WAVES THAT SWEEP A COCKPIT.



After the Indianapolis fire: an argument

Reforms in the 500 are certain to include better fuel tanks and limits on their size, but gasoline is unlikely to be prohibited despite some stiff opposition. The track might be widened somewhat to ease pileup dangers

As Indianapolis began to grapple last week with the problem of averting disastrous fires of the kind that killed Eddie Sachs and Dave MacDonald on Memorial Day, these things became likely:

1) New, extremely rigorous design and construction standards will be applied to fuel tanks.

2) Gasoline, the fuel feeding the MacDonald-Sachs fire, probably will not be barred, despite some Indy men who believe it unduly hazardous.

3) A maximum capacity for fuel tanks will be set—possibly one size for gasoline tanks and another, larger, size for alcohol tanks because of alcohol's low mileage.

4) The track itself may be widened, to give overtaking drivers a better chance of avoiding an out-of-control car such as the one driven by MacDonald. Sachs was the third Indy fatality in 10 years in a multiple-car accident not of the victim's own making. Trouble ahead also claimed Bill Vukovich in 1955 and Pat O'Connor in 1958.

As a special committee headed by Kenneth Grimm, secretary to Speedway Owner Tony Hulman, started exploring these and other possibilities—the committee is to make formal recommendations in September—a clearer picture of the MacDonald accident was emerging. First of all, Mickey Thompson, builder of MacDonald's Ford-engined car, scotched an Associated Press story estimating the gasoline load at a fantastic 100 gallons (some 600 pounds in a car weighing about 1,200 dry). "We carried 45 gallons," said Thompson, a fact verified by Ray McMahan, the chief Mobil fuel specialist at Indy. Thompson said the gas was in a single rubber tank extending most of the distance between the front and rear wheels on the driver's left. MacDonald had practiced with a nearly full tank, so unfamiliarity with his car's handling in that condition was not a factor.

But it was apparent that he had been doing some very enterprising driving in his less than two laps of actual racing. He had started in 14th position, from the middle of the fifth row. He "lost it"—went into an out-of-control slide—immediately after a daring swoop past Troy Ruttman, the 1952 500 winner, in the middle of the northwest, or No. 4, turn. By then he had moved all the way up to seventh or eighth place, and as he passed Ruttman he was, according to official speedway observers, on the flat apron part of the track below the white line marking the edge of the banking.

After a long, high-speed slide—he must have been doing 140 mph as it began—MacDonald hit the low concrete inner track wall approximately head on. The car slammed around backward, scraping along the wall. The fuel tank ruptured—precisely how is not known—and either sparks generated by the wall-scraping or the heat of the exhaust pipes or some other part of the car ignited a massive spray of gas.

MacDonald's flaming car bounced backward into the middle of the track. Along came Sachs. As other veterans have done in such situations, Sachs may have chosen to accelerate hard as his best means of escape. If so, he hit MacDonald flush on the left side under full power, ramming directly into that fuel tank. Accounts differ as to how much fuel—also gasoline—Sachs had aboard in aluminum cells on either side of his cockpit—but 30 gallons were left after the fire was put out. His tanks did not explode. There was a small crossover tank above his legs that ruptured and spewed fire, and some gas apparently was drawn from the main tanks.

Stationed around the speedway was a massive fire-fighting and rescue apparatus including more than 200 men, nine crash trucks—pickups with both CO_2 and dry-powder extinguishers—four pumper fire trucks of the kind found in any city, and scores of extinguishers, both powder and CO_2.

One crash truck was rolling toward the scene from the infield between turns 3 and 4 before the fire started; the crew had spotted MacDonald's incipient slide. Another crash truck was just off the track at the disaster point. Cleon Reynolds, Indy's fire-protection chief, stationed more than half a mile away at the foot of the pits, started running to the fire when he saw it billow up. He says it took him perhaps four minutes to arrive and that by that time MacDonald had been removed and was on his way to the hospital. Rescuers had reached Sachs very early, he said, and had found him crushed in the wreckage and beyond any possible help.

Ultimately all the crash and fire trucks were used. The fire was an ugly, stubborn one, taking about 30 minutes to put out. Lime was spread on the track to absorb pools of unburned gas and oil.

Reynolds said he thought his men had done an excellent job. He doubted whether any additional equipment

would have been of much value, such as asbestos suits of the kind used on aircraft carriers (and, indeed, in years past at Indy). Some drivers, however, were furious that not all of the lime had been swept up before the race was restarted. For three laps, said one, clouds of lime stirred up by the cars made his vision "opaque" for 50 or 60 yards.

But it was the presence of gasoline that excited the most outspoken wrath —and in turn equally outspoken defense of its use. The most influential anti-gas men were Bob Wilke, owner of Rodger Ward's second-place Watson-built, Ford-powered racer, and Andy Granatelli, owner of the three Novis. Ward's was the only one of seven Ford-engined cars that burned alcohol rather than the gas specified by Ford. All the Offenhauser-powered cars and the Novis burned an alcohol blend.

The stand of the anti-gas wing, which included Mechanics George Bignotti (for A. J. Foyt), Clint Brawner and Herb Porter, was that gas ignited more readily than alcohol, burned hotter, was harder to put out and thus should be ruled out. In their collective opinion, a number of drivers who had been rescued from alcohol fires would have been inextricable if they had been in gas fires.

They cited the pit fire in this year's 500 from which Parnelli Jones escaped by diving from his car and, more urgently, the fiery crackup a week after the 500, in a race for the same cars at Milwaukee, from which Driver Jim Hurtubise was pulled out, albeit with critical burns. They did not, however, mention the inferno in which Tony Bettenhausen died in practice for the 1961 race.

Wilke did not attend the Indy meeting at which the Grimm committee was formed. Beforehand, however, he ripped off his own eight-point reform program, in which barring gas was a cardinal element. He would also, among other things, start speedway rookies like MacDonald at the rear of the field (unlikely); limit fuel capacity to 45 gallons; ban the explosive, oxygen-bearing nitrate additives some mechanics blend with alcohol; establish a minimum weight of 1,200 pounds for racing cars (at last week's meeting a minimum of 1,100 was officially recommended); and put all pit fuel tanks underground.

Everyone is agreed as to the desirability of stronger, more impact-resistant fuel tanks, but a large part of the racing world, routinely employing gas as fuel, vigorously opposes Wilke *et al.* on their anti-gas thesis. Alcohol was commonly burned in Grand Prix cars until 1958, when the International Automobile Federation, the governing body for road racing, specifically prohibited it and named gas as the only admissible fuel. That rule was made to bring racing cars into closer relation with ordinary passenger cars, which do not, of course, burn alcohol. Arguments as to the relative dangers of gas and alcohol in racing were considered at the time.

"There is a built-in danger to Indianapolis," said Australia's Jack Brabham, builder in England of the Brabham Grand Prix cars and driver of a rear-engine Indy Brabham-Offy, "and talking about fuels is overlooking the main point. Taking petrol out of the cars is not going to make the race any safer. Alcohol may be a little harder to ignite and a little easier to put out, perhaps 10%, but fuel is not the problem at all. That doesn't even come into it. The trouble with Indianapolis is that the drivers, traveling at up to 190 miles an hour on a close-in circuit, cannot get out of the way when an accident happens.

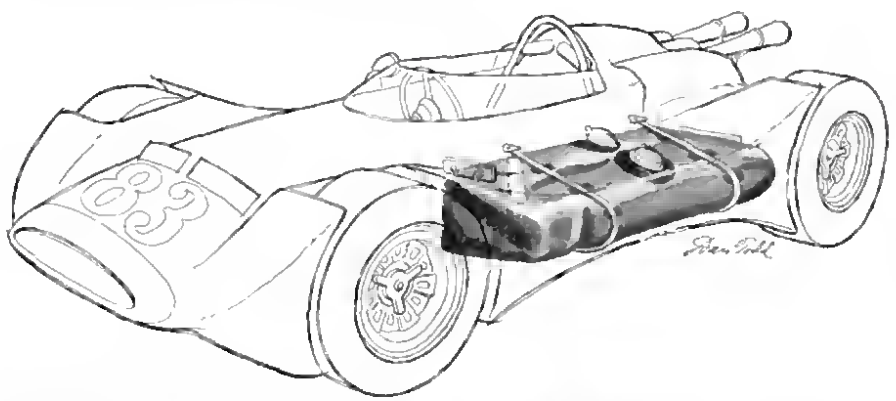
"What is needed is a look at the course and the capacity of the motor cars. If they reduced the engine capacity they wouldn't need to carry so much fuel, and that would be a move in the right direction."

(Another official Indy recommendation last week, to be decided in September, was the reduction of the 4.2-liter-engine maximum to 3 liters, to be effective in 1967 and to coincide with Grand Prix engine rules becoming operative a season earlier. This had been considered long before the 500 fire. It is an important step warmly welcomed by international-minded U.S. racing fans, but is related to the fuel controversy only by accident of timing.)

Said Britain's John Cooper, builder of the Cooper cars, in one of which Brabham touched off the rear-engine revolution at Indy back in 1961: "It's absolutely useless racing on alcohol. You've got to run on the same fuel as lorries and cars to make sense of this game."

Bill France, boss of NASCAR—one of whose driving stars, Fireball Roberts, was badly burned in a gasoline fire in a recent racing accident—agreed with Brabham and Cooper (*see* SCORECARD). NASCAR stock cars burn gas, and will continue to do so. Their fuel loads are limited by rule to 22 gallons. "Personally," said France, "I don't see any major differences as far as ignitable fuels are concerned. They're all volatile."

And at last week's Indy hearing, engineers for two petroleum companies supplying 500 fuel testified that they could not label gasoline more dangerous in racing than alcohol. On the evidence, it appears unlikely that the Wilke faction will succeed in having gas prohibited at Indy. What *is* certain is that Grimm's committee will look into the aircraft industry's huge body of research on tank construction and protection and propose stringent new Indy regulations. Widening the track, which has had the same 50-feet-wide straights since it was built in 1909 for 75-mph racers, is clearly desirable but presents technical difficulties and at the moment must be considered uncertain. **END**



SOURCE of 500 fire was this 45-gallon rubber gasoline tank on Dave MacDonald's Thompson-Ford. Fire started when car spun into wall, became an inferno when Eddie Sachs rammed tank.

BASEBALL / *Mark Kram*

He sends in the smoke for the green goose

Translation: John Wyatt throws his fast ball for Charlie Finley —just a sample of why his language is in a league all its own

Spend a few days around the Kansas City Athletics and their ball park, and you tend to suspect that the hand of Mack Sennett is behind it all. It seems after a while that every Kansas City player looks like Joe E. Brown performing in some marvelous farce on film. There is something wonderfully unreal about it all, beginning with Charlie Finley and the editorial campaign that he conducts against the Yankees—fences in left and right center carry messages comparing the foul-line distances in Yankee Stadium to those in his park. And then there is the rest of it: the yellow cab that transports bullpen pitchers to the mound, the flashing lights and foghorns—exact replicas of those on the *Queen Mary*—that blast off after each home run, the shepherd and his flock of sheep in right field, the young groundkeepers who flit about like toy soldiers controlled by a central button. Add to all of this Jimmie Dykes, daintily appointed in a gold-and-green uniform, a substitute first baseman who catches pop flies in the middle of his head, an announcer who seems genuinely startled after each victory, and it becomes quite evident that baseball is far from being a serious business in Kansas City. "Yes, I'd say this is a happy ball club," said Manager Ed Lopat (before he was fired last week), while Jim Gentile sang around the batting cage and Doc Edwards, the substitute first baseman, played catch wearing a mask and a batting helmet.

It follows then that John Wyatt, a relief pitcher who speaks a language all his own, should be a member of this team, but it does not follow that he should be so consistently effective on a ball club that has been challenged to a game by a group of vendors. "In Wyatt and the ground crew," says one critic, "you have the sum total of Kansas City's excellence." During one recent home stand, the only conspicuous performers on the field were the ground crew (it rained a lot), Ed Lopat walking to the mound and John Wyatt getting out of a cab and trudging to meet him like a big bear in the middle of the Big Top. "Without Wyatt," said Lopat, "we'd be in real trouble."

It is difficult to understand what other "real trouble" the Athletics could experience. After 52 games the Athletics were 17½ games out of first place, mainly thanks to a pitching staff that is viewed as a magnificent example of imperfection and inexperience. "If I lost a starter in the early innings," said Lopat, "the game usually got out of hand. If we could stay close, or hold a slim lead around the seventh inning, we could pull Wyatt in and everybody knew that we at least had an even chance of winning."

With nine saves and three wins Wyatt had figured in 12 of Kansas City's 17 victories. Last season he pitched 92 innings and recorded 19 saves to rank third among the league's reliefers, impressive enough to interest Minnesota and Detroit, two clubs that could certainly use him right now. Since coming up to the majors in 1961 he has learned to throw a sidearm curve and a three-quarter curve and a "foke" ball, a pitch that seems to arouse the ire of everyone in the league. Players refer to it as one of the best spit balls around. "John, where'd you learn that pitch?" a manager asked him once, "Man, why I learnt that pitch in Puerto Rico during the winter," said Wyatt. "Yeah, swimmin' in the Caribbean," cracked the manager.

Wyatt's best pitch is his fast ball, which he finally has learned to use with intelligence. "But the big thing I gotta do, man, is get that curve ball over when I'm behind," says Wyatt, "else I might as well go out and buy me a lunch pail and, man, that ain't hittin' it."

Curiously, there has been little written about Wyatt in the daily press despite his success, his colorful patois, his sense of humor and easy nature but, as he says, "Ole John don't care. He just interested in those hogs." Says one K.C. official: "Wyatt probably doesn't get any publicity because nobody understands what he's saying. At first I thought I would need an interpreter."

In the extraordinary lexicon of John Wyatt, dollars are hogs, smoke is his fast ball, food is grease, and "that ain't hittin' it" is a negative reaction to something. Every conversation is strangled with unintelligible words that are spouted with varying degrees of inflection. And you never are sure who he is talking about. Here is a sampling of his comments.

On Al Kaline: "Man, the Line is the best hitter anywhere. Ya got to do some scufflin' with that guy. He just grin at me all the time like he know he gonna hang me out to dry. You know, like you come from the side, almost turn your back to 'em and send that smoke in from left field. Well, I'll tell ya, a lot of 'em give ya an inch or two. But, man, the Line, he just stay in there, and swoosh! Ya're leavin' the game with an L, and Ole John don't like them Ls, he just like them Ws and Ss."

On relief pitching: "Man, I like workin' with the fire hose. Everything's burnin' in there, and Ole John come in with



SAYS WYATT: "THE GREEN GOOSE SAY, 'SWEAT PLUS SACRIFICE EQUALS SUCCESS.' OLE JOHN GONNA BE A BIG HOG MAN, BABY"

the big hose and [whispering] put out tha' fire. But those big hitters, they gonna sting ya, too. Then John, he go home and turn on tha' lowdown stuff, like James Brown's *Oh, Baby Don't You Weep*. I don't get any Zs on those nights. The best? Man, Radatz! He definitely open my nose."

On Harmon Killebrew: "Man, that Minnesota club got enough wood over there to build a house. And the Brew, well, he like a big lumberjack comin' after me with a blade in his hand. He just stand up there and wave that stick like it's a big redwood. One time I give 'im a pitch that couldn't be better, just where I wanted it. He's fooled on it, and checks his swing. I look up, and that ball is done gone on a long trip, and he's standin' there with the nub of the bat in his hand. He's some strong. I fool him now and then, and he just shakes his head like he sayin', 'I'll get ya.' Man, every time I see him I say, 'Man, why ya pick on me like that?' "

On Charlie Finley: "That man been fair to me. He's the green goose, and I can't say anything bad about him. I always go where the green goose flies. He got all the hogs, and Ole John gonna git some of 'em so he can go in style like the Tile goes."

On Jim Gentile, alias the Tile: "He's the sweetest and cleanest guy in the league, man. He's some slick. Mohair suits, $40 shoes, white on white silk

continued

Who put the Green Stripe on a Scotch whisky?

Andrew Usher did, a bit of an individualist. He made the first really light Scotch in 1853, and marked it with the Green Stripe. Years later a lot of distillers began making light Scotch — but nobody ever made one better. Green Stripe doesn't cost anything more.



Bottled in Scotland • Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof,
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shirts. And he can do some drinkin', he can pick it up. I mean, he can drink up any ball hit near him. All the guys in our infield can drink."

On the Athletics: "Everybody want a piece of us. Why we pull into a city, and they can't wait to git us to the park. We go into Cleveland, and Jim Grant say he's sorry he didn't meet us at the airport so he could drive the bus into town."

Everybody may want a piece of the Athletics, but very few opponents want anything to do with Wyatt when he is on the mound, and many people think he is going to get better. Says Lopat: "He's not polished yet. But he can stay around eight or nine years if he works hard. When he came up all he could do was throw. Now he is becoming a better pitcher every time out. He kids around a lot, and he helps keep the club loose, but when he steps across that big line he's all business. He's a guy who knows where he is, and appreciates being in the majors. So many don't, you know. He wants to stay up because he knows what it is down there."

Indeed, Wyatt does know what it is like "down there," and he always talks about the minors as if he were talking about the Black Hole of Calcutta. He spent eight years in the minor leagues, beginning with Hannibal in 1954 where he was released late in the season and given bus fare to Buffalo. The manager said he didn't have "the equivalent of a major league fast ball." In 1955 he joined the Indianapolis Clowns. "Man, I'll tell ya, that weren't no ball," he says. "Two dollar a day to eat on, two to a bed, a different town each night. A lot of times we be puttin' our uniforms on in the bus. We traveled through 47 states that summer. Man, I'm sure glad to be up here because, baby, that ain't hittin' it down there." Wyatt was in the Braves' camp in 1956, and later he was sent to El Paso where the manager was preparing to release him before even seeing him pitch. Fortunately for Kansas City, the manager ran out of pitchers and had to use Wyatt. The A's eventually purchased his contract. And now Wyatt, who is 29, receives $10 a day meal money and $15,000 a year, and he drives around the city in a baby-blue Oldsmobile convertible wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat and a broad smile on his face. "Yeah, it swings up here," he says. "But when I can't eat any more dust I ain't gonna be like a lot of guys. All my hogs gonna be invested in a 'partment house, and Ole John gonna sit back and jest collect the rent."

Big John walks alone

Wyatt, who stands 6 feet and weighs 200 pounds, says the difference between the minors and majors is "more sleepless nights." Yet, on the exterior he doesn't seem to be the type who would fret over a poor performance. He sort of floats around the field, and when you look at him there always seems to be something missing, perhaps a sign around his neck saying: "Gone Fishin'." He does not mix too much with other players off the field. "I go by myself," he says. "I picked that up when I was a little kid. One day in Ypsilanti, Mich. this boy and I went to pay my mother's light bill, and while I'm payin' the light bill this boy is makin' like Willie Sutton on an iron. When I get home the police is waitin' for me, and they say, 'Man, where's the iron?' I say, 'Man, I ain't got no iron.' I couldn't tell them who took it because this boy was my friend, so next thing I know I'm in juvenile court. Ever since, I go by myself. That way you ain't responsible for nobody." Wyatt's favorite diversions are pocket billiards and cards, but "nobody want any part of me any more," he says. "I can't find any more lames [translation: weak players]. I use to carry my own stick around, but now everybody want me to give 'em out and take out after 'em [translation: everybody wants a handicap]."

Wyatt had been recalling his youth while sitting in front of his locker in the Kansas City dressing room. Now he rose and walked down the ramp to the dugout. Big rain clouds hung over the park. Wyatt called to Ed Lopat: "Boss, is Raymond gonna turn us loose today?"

"No," said Lopat. "Raymond's not going to turn us loose."

"Who is Raymond?" a visitor asked.

"That's the rain," smiled Lopat. "He wanted to know if it will rain hard enough for the game to be postponed."

H. L. Mencken, when compiling his definitive study of the American language, would have dearly loved John Wyatt, collector of hogs, hunter of lames, thrower of smoke and the only man on the Kansas City pitching staff who can get anybody out. **END**

'American Eagle' wings her way toward Newport

Bill Luders' new boat crushed her three rivals, 'Nefertiti,' 'Columbia' and 'Constellation,' during the first week of America's Cup trials, but in an unofficial race against a British tanker, she was almost crushed herself

Before the start of the America's Cup trials on Long Island Sound, a good many sailing experts thought that the art of designing 12s had been carried to its ultimate point—that, in fact, there could be no drastic difference between the two new U.S. boats, *American Eagle* and *Constellation*, and the two old ones, *Columbia* and *Nefertiti*. "So closely related are their shapes," said one old sailor, "that the breadth of a pencil point would cover the lines of all competing 12s." Well, maybe so, but the margins by which *American Eagle*, designed by Bill Luders, whipped all three rivals during the opening races of the official preliminary trials last week indicate differences somewhat larger than a pencil point, sharpened or blunt.

In the first race of the round robin series, sailed under the critical eye of the New York Yacht Club's selection committee, *American Eagle* met *Nefertiti*. There was some reason to believe that *Nefertiti*, a surprisingly good boat in 1962, would be even better this year. *Nefertiti* lost in the '62 trials when *Weatherly* and light air combined to defeat her. Since then all kinds of tricky modifications have been made to improve her light-air performance, including decreasing her wetted surface and giving her a bigger mainsail. Ted Hood, her designer-skipper-sailmaker, now knows all her idiosyncrasies, theoretically giving him an edge on inexperienced 12-meter skippers sailing strange boats. Furthermore, Hood makes the best 12-meter sails in the world. Indeed, *Nefertiti* did seem to sail well in light air, taking a brief lead early in the race, but *Eagle* beat her by 3 minutes 1 second.

It seemed likely that *Constellation* would offer *Eagle* a sterner challenge in the second race. She is new and designed by Olin Stephens, whose name itself is worth a tenth of a knot. Indeed, *Constellation* raced well, but *Eagle* beat her anyway, by 1 minute 27 seconds.

Then *Columbia* came under *Eagle*'s shadow. Nobody gave the 1958 cup defender much of a chance. Recently bought by Californian Pat Dougan and skippered by Walter Podolak, *Columbia* was hurriedly resurrected and rushed into the water just in time for the trials. Sailed by an ebullient California crew, fresh as orange juice, she lost to *Eagle* by a full 3 minutes and 29 seconds. Several days later *Columbia* lost even more. Racing *Eagle* again, in gusts reaching 25 knots, *Columbia*'s mast broke in two and she had to be towed back to port.

Only one vessel seriously challenged *Eagle* all week and that was an 18,000-ton British tanker named *Partula*. *Partula* came tramping up Long Island Sound minutes after the first race between *Nefertiti* and *Eagle* began and seemed intent on ramming the two boats. Skippers Hood and Bill Cox, cognizant of the rule that gives sail the right of way over power, sailed righteously on their collision course. In desperation, *Partula*'s horn roared four times, paused, then three times more. Her bow wave began to melt as the engines went hard astern, but not a degree from her intended course did she waver. Nor did the 12s. It seemed quite possible that the U.S. was about to lose the America's Cup right there, the hard way. Then, like a blind Goliath, *Partula* permissively stopped, allowing the two 12s to sail grandly across her looming bow. Round one to the U.S.

At the close of the first series of trials, this was the record for the four boats: *Eagle*, 5–0; *Nefertiti*, 2–3; *Columbia* and *Constellation*, 2–4 each. There are still two full months of trials ahead, and of course much can happen, but right now it seems likely that *American Eagle* is already well on her way to Newport. **END**



"NEFERTITI" (LEFT) AND "AMERICAN EAGLE" BARELY SQUEAK BY UNDER BRITISH BOW



LOST HEROES OF

BY ROBERT CANTWELL



TOURING

A Pittsburgh man with a well-mapped plan and some indomitable women drivers are two little-known reasons why motoring became a national sport

CONTINUED

Forty million people are expected to visit the New York World's Fair this year, 1.5 million are sure to stare at the bears in Yellowstone, Zion National Park will consider its gorge ungorgeous if it does not draw 700,000, and the lowliest Scenic Overlook is set to rival the drabbest Point of Interest in trying to be the first to break its attendance record America, in short, is off on its annual highway march, and it is certain that it will go forth and will get back, all without knowing that it owes a debt to the ingenuity of a Mr. William Akin of Pittsburgh and to the enterprise of such duster-and-veil-era motorists as Emily Post, who popularized touring for what it often still is—an adventuresome sport.

It was Mr. Akin who thought of that unique U.S. institution, the free road map, and who thus became the founder of one of the smallest, most secretive, most competitive and least credited segments of the tourist business.

In this modern age 200 million road maps a year are being donated to U.S. motorists by oil companies. The object of this generosity is the same as it was half a century ago: give the American tourist an idea that there is someplace he ought to see, and he will not rest easy until he sees it, burning untold gas and oil in the process. At first the places to see were pretty basic stuff, say Chicago or Mount Hood. But then began a conflict among the companies to put more and better landmarks on their maps than their competitors could offer. The more America travels, the sterner the struggle gets. A new Tidewater Oil Company map of New York and Long Island, for instance, lists 167 yacht and boat clubs that visitors may want to know about, 65 airports and seaplane bases, 184 golf and country clubs and 435 Points of Interest. Some of these may be of doubtful interest to visitors from the provinces—seeing the Rikers Island Penitentiary would make for a dull Sunday afternoon—but more often the Points of Interest on road maps quicken an obscure curiosity. What is that House of Mystery near Artist Lake on Long Island? What is the Zwaanendael House? How does one get to the narrow-gauge railroad that runs through the cranberry bogs near Buzzards Bay? What is the Weaverville Joss House in northern California, hard by Glass Mountain? And why is Glass Mountain given a parenthetical description: "(A Mass of Jet Black Obsidian Glass!")? What roads lead to Craters of the Moon National Monument, so tersely described on the map as "Weird and impressive. Contains many caves and craters. Closely resembles the surface of the moon"?

Since the highways and back roads have been so thoroughly mapped in these past 50 years, the mapmakers obviously have been driven to some extremes in finding Points of Interest that are really interesting. So new mapmaking trails are blazed. Free road maps have become the sportsman's guide. For years many maps indicated prime fishing and hunting country. For example, the Chevron Points of Interest and Touring Map of Idaho, produced by the Goushá Company, carried a line about Pend Oreille Lake: "Famed for its huge Kamloops trout which sometimes attain 30 or more pounds in weight." But the new maps, like Shell's fishing guides to Arkansas and Louisiana, are marked with different symbols to show the different species of fish to be caught in every important river and lake in the state, along with the roads to them, campgrounds and boat-launching sites.

Mr. Akin began all this on a glorious day in 1914. He was driving his 1912 Chalmers down Baum Boulevard in Pittsburgh when his great idea occurred to him. The reason he was driving on Baum Boulevard was that there were not many other streets suitable for motoring. A court battle had prevented the building of trolley lines, which made Baum and Grant Boulevard, connecting with it, "favorite grounds for automobiling," according to *Pittsburgh How to See It*, a contemporary guidebook. The drive from one extremity to the other took eight minutes. But even such an ardent motorist as Mr. Akin grew a little tired of shuttling back and forth in eight-minute dashes, in spite of the inspiring view of the beautiful residences high above the Monongahela River. So it came to Mr. Akin that if maps were readily available of the country that lay beyond, motorists would venture upon these distant roads, and in the process they would have to buy larger quantities of gasoline.

continued



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Hurrying home to the Ansonia Apartments, he made a rough 10-by-12-inch map of the area. The next morning he carried it to the office of Gale Nutty, the manager of The Gulf Refining Co., then a small company housed on the 18th floor of an annex of the Frick Building. Mr. Akin proposed that the maps be mailed free to anybody who owned a car. The competitive situation in the oil business was so tough at this time that Akin would probably have been warmly received if he had suggested giving away automobiles to stimulate the sale of gasoline. Mr. Nutty told Akin to get on with the free maps before they became standard procedure—as in Standard Oil. Ten thousand maps were mailed as a starter, followed by monthly maps, each suggesting a different Point of Interest reachable in a one-day auto tour from Pittsburgh. The next year 300,000 maps of the highways in the different northeastern states were mailed to car owners in each state. Akin, who had a little advertising business of his own at the time, moved it into the Gulf office, and carried on from there. The maps were made by local draftsmen, but more and more people were required to check them and bring them up to date. Akin was soon devoting all his time to the project, and in 1917 became advertising manager of Gulf. By that time road maps were being handed out feverishly everywhere, and the oil companies were locked in a gigantic struggle to see which could give away the finest, most accurate and up-to-date. The struggle has never stopped. Each of the 200 million maps now being given away each year costs from 5¢ to 8¢, and the oil companies are not being idly generous. They mean business.

Free road maps are an institution unique to America. The only study ever made of them was a scholarly account by Dr. Walter Ristow of The Library of Congress. He found that these maps, constantly checked by millions of motorists, have had a powerful influence on the folkways of the country. In the very early days the oil companies

continued



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frequently charged each other with copying. They craftily began to insert errors in each map they made, and if these errors appeared in another company's map the titans of business would publicly lunge at each other's throats. Such deliberate errors were known as thief catchers. Working quietly away in the drafting room of an oil company, a mapmaker would dream up a small river, lake or mountain, and place it in a remote portion of a state. Or the spelling of a place-name might be adroitly changed. In some respects, the early mapmakers resembled characters in today's demented cartoons, gleefully moving communities from one road to another or making up entirely fictitious towns and placing them on some otherwise unoccupied portion of a highway. Thus the pleasant little town of Strong, Me., located on a fork of the Sandy River in the western section of the state, was briefly changed to Story, Me. on Shell maps. Over the years the thief catchers caused enormous confusion, which was complicated by the fact that free auto road maps were more widely distributed than commercial maps, so people thought the road map was right and all the other maps were wrong. Thus when an oil-company mapmaker built an imaginary town it became hard to unbuild. Moreover, the oil-company maps were often better than locally manufactured products, so the local producers would change their maps as well. Thief catchers were usually removed after one edition of a map, but the errors were perpetuated on maps that were based on the original. Sometimes a small community that found its name misspelled would obligingly change to conform to the name on the map, figuring, who was it to argue with an oil company.

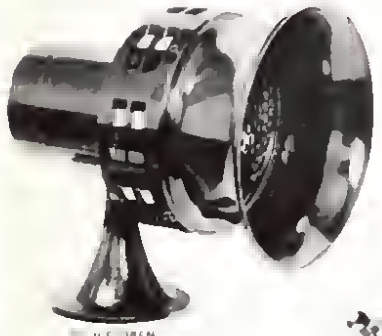
The greatest victim of all this geographical flummery was the pioneer motorist who drove to some spot marked on the road with the name of a town and found nothing there. "Beware of the so-called road map; it is a snare and a delusion," wrote Arthur Jerome Eddy in *Two Thousand Miles in an Automobile*. A road that looked good on a map might turn into a quagmire, he warned. It was necessary to ask specific questions: "Are there any sand hills? Is the road bottomless anywhere?" If one had plenty of time, it was all right to ask directions of men or boys, because they answered at length and wanted to look over the car. "Of a group of school children, the girls will answer more quickly and accurately than the boys. . . . If passing quickly, ask a woman."

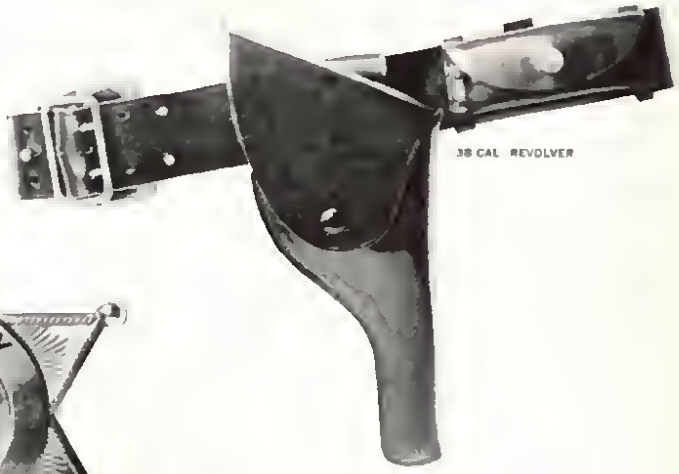
But if maps fired imaginations and made tourism at least possible, the roads they so optimistically showed made it all but impossible. It was left to authors to chronicle the madness of early motoring and thus at the same time prove that automobile travel was 1) survivable and 2) stimulating. Books about driving cars make up a fairly extensive branch of American letters, a sort of half-commercialized subliterature, characterized by works that are good-natured, engaging, sometimes funny, often valuable history, but largely devoted to breakdowns, flat tires and getting lost. Eddy, who wrote as early as 1902, was one of the most forceful, a highway prophet of doom. "In a country so vast and sparsely settled as North America," he said, "it is not conceivable that within the next century a network of fine roads will cover the land." On the contrary, automakers had to produce better cars: "For generations to come there will be soft roads, sandy roads, rocky roads, hilly roads, muddy roads—and the American automobile must be constructed to cover them as they are."

Innumerable literary motorists believed him. "I was the first woman to cross the continent at the wheel of a motor car," Alice Huyler Ramsay wrote in *Veil, Duster and Tire Iron*, a work largely devoted to the progress of a Maxwell-Briscoe of 1909 over appalling roads from New York to San Francisco. A forthright Vassar girl, Miss Ramsay and a college friend entered their red Maxwell roadster in a reliability race from New York to Philadelphia and won. This so excited Carl Kelsy, the sales manager of Maxwell, that he arranged for them to drive from one Maxwell dealer to the next, all the way across the land—"The

continued

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greatest promotional idea of my career!" he cried. Since his greatest previous promotional idea had been to drive a Maxwell up the grand stairway of a hotel, the girls might have been more cautious.

Provided with an expensive green car —the latest model—they set out on June 9, 1909 from the Maxwell showroom on Broadway and eventually reached the Pacific coast. But, as promotional efforts go, the commercial value must have been disappointing. Since their trip was prior to the free-road-map era, they were lost much of the time. Their directions came from an automobile-club blue book that contained such instructions as: "At 11.6 miles, yellow house and barn on rt. Turn left." This was to take them into Cleveland, but as they drove on and on and nothing yellow came into sight, they stopped and asked. "There's been a lot of trouble about that," said an informant. The owner had painted his buildings green.

The most exhaustively detailed of these feminine accounts of early U.S. motoring is Emily Post's astonishing *By Motor to the Golden Gate*. The authority on U.S. etiquette made a fortune telling Americans which fork to use, what to wear, where to go and what to do. World War I prevented her taking her usual trip to Europe to bring back to her readers the latest developments in the field of correct behavior, so in April 1915, with her son as driver, she set out across the U.S. The vehicle she selected for this odyssey was a dinosaur of a car with a huge wheelbase of 144 inches and a road clearance of only eight inches.

Mrs. Post had a good deal in common with the characters in Proust's novels, a sort of lordly impracticality that was coupled with shrewd common sense. She seems to have been essentially a good-natured, comfort-loving housewife who felt compelled to live up to the aristocratic role her fame had imposed on her, and was constantly bemoaning some cultural or culinary shortcoming of her countrymen. She haughtily equipped her vehicle with a small shovel, African water bags, 100 feet of rope, extra sparkplugs, extra valves and valve springs, tire chains and tires—a set of tires cost $347.04. Her first breakdown was just outside Utica, N.Y.—a broken oil pipe. She was fully aware of the oddity of an authority on etiquette reporting on the manners of garagemen, and she made the most of it. Far from lording it over the provincials, she was constantly thrilled by their elegance. It was difficult for her to write a sentence that did not end with an exclamation point, and she let herself go: "The beautiful, wide, white marble lobby of the brand-new Hotel Utica!" Even the misadventures were exclamatory: "We wandered around a mountain and a wood for about ten miles before we discovered a signpost pointing the way to Albany!" The elegance and graciousness extended to the barns and outbuildings: "And such farms!" she wrote in excitement.

In short, Mrs. Post made her readers feel that they were discovering heretofore unsuspected distinctions and picturesque attractions all around them. "Really quite faultless service," she murmured in a high-toned aside about the Statler in Buffalo. The Hotel Oliver in South Bend, Ind. was "clean and well-run," and of the food at the Statler in Cleveland she said: "Never, even in France, had we had better or more perfectly cooked chicken casserole!" But her comments on food—and she would not have to change them very much today—grew increasingly fretful as she proceeded west. "The meals—those anemic, chilled potatoes, beans full of strings, everything slapped on a plate every which way, and everything tasting as though it had come out of the same dishwater!"

Yet she had a durable courage. The roads were really dangerous for a car 12 feet long that was constantly and inelegantly scraping its bottom. The Lincoln Highway turned out to be a swaybacked embankment, covered with black slime, with steep slopes on both sides. The hotels became monstrous confines like something out of Kafka—"These dust-filled hideous rooms, cleaned only by a carpet sweeper," she cried out, with unmistakable sincerity, "These sooty, ugly, busy, noisy towns." A day of rain and misery brought her to Cedar Rapids,

Iowa and a hotel room with "dingy, bottle-green paper, a stained carpet, a bathroom where the plumbing wouldn't work, a depressing view of a torn-up street." A kind of madness entered social life as well. The sight to be seen at Des Moines turned out to be a display of stuffed buffaloes, and when she was entertained in Omaha the conversation revolved around the great cyclone that had swept the area in 1912. So she drove to Cheyenne, Wyo. and then south to Albuquerque and across Arizona to Winslow, along dust-covered roads that were often only tire tracks half-buried in the sand. Carrying 45 extra gallons of gasoline, because none was available in the desert, the party slept in the car. Somewhere along about Canyon de Chelly, which has remained fairly empty country to this day, Mrs. Post reflected that if the car broke down again, "no living being knew our whereabouts, and we might quite easily have been dust before anyone would have passed our way." Reaching Winslow, she loaded her automobile on a Southern Pacific freight car and rode the rest of the way in a Pullman, a thoroughly practical solution. Such putting of cars on trains or boats was a common practice in the early days of motoring. In fact, many early road maps carried steamship information on their margins.

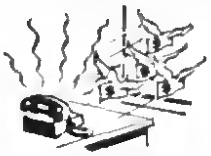
The literary efforts of these pioneer motorists were, incidentally, remarkably free of poetic tribute to the beauty of the land. Mrs. Effie Price Gladding in *Across the Continent by the Lincoln Highway* wrote with feeling of how "the trail across Nevada could be marked by whisky bottles if by no other signs." And Winifred Hawkridge Dixon, perhaps the best literary stylist of all the early motorists, wrote in *Westward Hoboes* of finding Texas in 1923 to be "chock full of socialists, horsethieves and Baptists." Her greatest complaint was a conspiracy she discovered among repairmen. It seemed that in every Texas garage the night man had taken a "vow of silence, more binding and terrible than that of the Dominican friars," with regard to anything that had been promised by the day man. When Miss Dixon ultimately escaped from these terrors she drove as hard as possible across the West Texas plains. She knew she looked a little wild, dusty and hard-driven with her veils streaming in the wind, but she had no notion of how she startled the natives until she stopped at a farmhouse a few miles east of El Paso. No one answered her knock, so she pushed the door open. The grown men inside fell backward and were speechless until she took off her veils. When she asked for directions, one of them said, "When you come in just now, I thought it was Maw dressed up to fool us." This odd reply completely baffled Miss Dixon. "My glimpse of his septuagenarian parent would not have led me to suspect her of such prankishness," she wrote, "but appearances are often deceitful. She may have been the life of the family, doubling them up with helpless mirth by her impersonations."

Such were the trials of motoring during the era when William Akin and Gulf teamed up to give away road maps. Most authors of touring books wrote about being lost, and sometimes that was all they wrote about. Miss Dixon's trip took her through Arizona on the Apache Trail, then north to Waterton Lakes in Canada and back to Yellowstone Park, but she confessed becoming hopelessly lost as she neared home in Indiana. A. L. Westgard, known as the Daniel Boone of the Gasoline Age, wore out 18 cars in 18 transcontinental trips and wrote in *Tales of a Pathfinder* of being lost for as long as three days at a time. In *Fill 'er Up*, Bellamy Partridge wrote that a 1912 motorist "would not have been surprised if Chicago turned out to be Milwaukee . . . and there was no such thing as a road map west of Chicago." A friend of Westgard's gave him a list of the approximate distances between towns almost to California, and as a rule motorists exchanged such maps as they had if they met someone coming the other way.

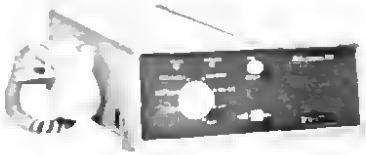
How did you tell where you were on a map if there were no obvious landmarks? It was not easy. Following *Keyes Good Road Book* out of Douglas, Ariz., Miss Dixon came to "windmill marking

continued

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two forks, pass windmill on left"—and wound up 17 miles in the desert, her car lodged in a sandy, V-shaped gulch under a blazing sun.

One of the first routes to have markers on it was the Lincoln Highway. The signs were promoted by such manufacturers as Carl Fisher, who was the founder of Prest-O-Lite, and Henry Joy, the guiding spirit of the Packard Motor Car Co. They were red-white-and-blue cardboard markers tacked up at intervals, and if you did not see them it meant you were not on the Lincoln Highway anymore. Or else it meant there had been a lot of rain and the signs had dissolved. In 1917 or thereabouts the Chicago mapmaking firm of Rand McNally & Co. began numbering and marking roads. They sold what were called Blazed Trail Maps, and the marks on the roads corresponded with the numbers on the maps.

As advertising manager and map genius of Gulf, Akin contracted with Rand McNally to produce Gulf's maps, and the giveaway map war picked up. By 1920 Gulf was handing its gas buyers 16 million maps a year. Two years later Otto Lindberg, a young Finnish-born draftsman who had made automobile-club road maps, produced a map for Standard Oil on a speculative basis. The firm took it, and Lindberg's company, General Drafting, now makes about 30 million maps for Standard Oil companies every year. In 1926 Harry Goushá, a Rand McNally mapmaker of French descent, joined with two other Rand McNally employees to form the first firm —The H M Goushá Company—that made auto road maps exclusively. Gousha is now turning out about 75 million maps a year for Texaco, Cities Service, Sunoco, Tidewater, Shell and others.

These three companies produce almost all U.S. road maps and, in the tradition of the early days, they regard each other with the greatest suspicion. If you go from one to the other you have a distinct impression of a security check being under way. New maps cost about $50,000 just to produce, and large staffs are required—Goushá has about 140 employees in its San Jose office alone. Each new map is studded with all sorts of interesting destinations, such as new

campgrounds, bird sanctuaries, mineral springs, arboretums, fish hatcheries, waterfalls, boat-launching facilities and spots at which three different states are visible from a lookout point on a road. It would be cruel to ridicule these innocent spectacles, for the competing companies labor to find new Points of Interest and tremble at the thought of missing out on one.

This partly explains the proliferation of Points of Interest where the interest would seem to be limited. A random survey of Points produces such spectacles as "one of the largest hog markets in the country" near Indianapolis; the unique situation at Greensburg, Ind., where a tree can be seen growing in the tower of the local courthouse; the birthplace of the first lieutenant governor of Illinois; the million-dollar stairway in the New York capitol at Albany; and the Land of Makebelieve on the Ausable River in New York, complete with a fairy-tale village and a western town. There are more than 3,000 museums in the U.S., each of which appears as a Point of Interest: the Maple Museum in Barre, Vt., devoted to maple syrup, the Museum of the Fur Trade near Chadron, Neb.; the Museum of North Carolina Minerals in Gillespie Gap; the Minnesota Museum of Mining in Chisholm; the Gilbert Stuart Birthplace Museum and Snuff Mill in Kingston, R.I.; and on and on. From the birthplace of James Whitcomb Riley you can proceed by easy stages to the birthplace of William Jennings Bryan and then to the Clock Museum, the Museum of Musical Instruments and on to the Hall of Fame of the Trotter at Goshen, N.Y., Mark Twain's Study, the Salt Museum and, with enough energy, the Sievert Springs Norwegian Museum in Decorah, Iowa. How far can the search for Points of Interest go? Many a mile, one presumes. Before long the map industry may even look to itself and duly note the sand dune where Winifred Dixon beached her Cadillac and the very spot on Baum Boulevard where William Akin got his grand idea to give maps to the American motorist. END



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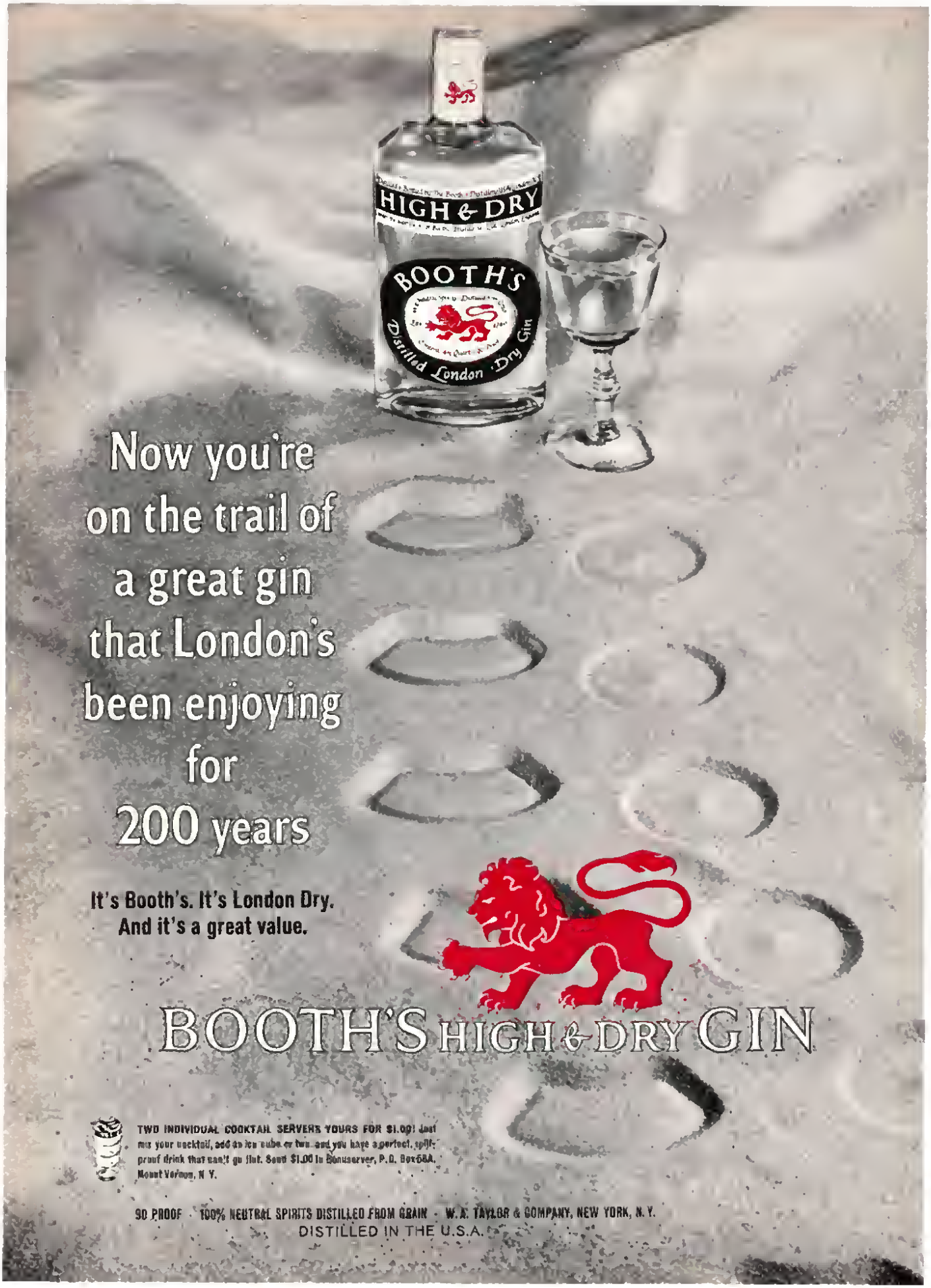
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Golf Is My Handicap

by JOSEPH L. SMITH

Like many weekend golfers, I have abandoned any idea of playing good golf. I have discovered, however, that it is entirely possible to achieve a measure of golfing stature on the basis of nothing more than the application of sound psychological principles. For those interested in status unencumbered by ability, I have listed a few key pointers in the Smith Status System.

The heart of the system is the universal recognition that all golfers have bad days. Therefore, Principle No. 1 states, "Never allow your true ability to be recognized." It is imperative that your playing mates believe that you are having an off day. This, of course, underlines the first corollary, "Don't play with the same group too often."

For ease of understanding I have broken down the Smith Status System into easy steps—commit the basic process to memory, and soon you will be able to improvise nicely.

Pregame Strategy, or Setting the Mood

All the books advocate a warm-up period during which you hit several thousand practice shots. This is ridiculous, but since it has been widely accepted, it is important to turn it to your best advantage. In the Smith Warm-Up System, the important thing is the correct choice of a caddy! Always pick the smallest, puniest one available. Aside from the obvious consideration that he will be less likely to laugh at your efforts, there is an important psychological advantage inherent in the use of a tiny caddy. He will look so small out there with the big kids that it will appear that you are hitting the ball well beyond the range of your fellow golfers. Of course, you must be careful about hitting too many shots toward that tiny figure or someone will get wise. Spend as much time as possible working at various checkpoints in your swing. This consumes a great deal of time, looks knowledgeable and impressive and obviates the necessity of hitting many golf balls. The few shots you do have to hit should be accepted as satisfactory efforts no matter how bad they are. A phrase like, "Not exactly what I want, but it is working right to left," explains a duck hook, for example. And an observer cannot help but be impressed by your distance—after all, that caddy is a mere speck in the distance!

The First Tee

Now here is where many poor golfers immediately give themselves away. Never—repeat, never—appear on the first tee properly outfitted. Always assume some slight defect in appearance. This will immediately be termed an eccentricity that only a top-flight golfer could enjoy. A $250 set of clubs is fine so long as they are carried in a soiled canvas bag. Or, conversely, a Kangaroo bag is most suitable for carrying an unmatched set of six clubs. A nice subtle touch, I have found, is the wearing of sparkling white tennis shoes. The fact that they are clean and new indicates that this was no stop-gap measure, and a man purposely wearing tennis shoes obviously has something going for him. A casual reference to the fact that, "Spikes aren't much help except in the rough," will enhance your image as one who seldom wanders into areas where footing is a problem.

When taking the normal warmup on the first tee, catch your swing a few times and wince slightly. When asked about the pain, smile stoically and assure your group that it is nothing and, by looping your backswing, most of the pressure is removed from your bad back. This Spartan attitude not only establishes you as a game competitor, but it explains the grotesque caricature of a golf swing which you have come to call your own.

The Game

The true test of the Smith Status System comes when you are forced to exhibit your meager talents on the field of play. As it becomes increasingly clear that you will have a tough time making the turn by sundown, it is imperative that your partners realize they have caught you on a bad day. Since you will be unable to impress anyone with the shots you are hitting, you must make observers wonder about the shots you *could* be hitting on a normal day. Do



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My Handicap *continued*

not be meek—a true golf buff will believe anything. I once had a friend who achieved great stature from the fact that he had marshaled at the U.S. Amateur. He would work the conversation around to the Amateur and then modestly, but truthfully, admit that he was usually just a spectator—"except, of course, for the '51 matches at Saucon Valley." The use of "of course" is important here since it attributes a depth of knowledge that no golfer will deny.

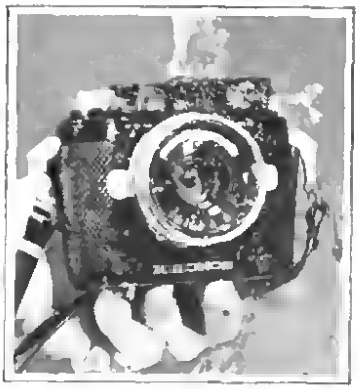
The names of famous courses can be dropped into conversations advantageously. Having been the site of several U.S. Opens, Oakmont has become my favorite. A particularly disastrous hole always reminds me of the time "I bogeyed the 13th at Oakmont." It goes without saying that anyone who has bogeyed the 13th at Oakmont is to be reckoned with.

Impressive bits of irrelevant knowledge do wonders in cementing the illusion that you are a golfer of considerable skill and experience. I personally find that a few key phrases concerning the putting surface can explain gross personal inadequacies with a putter. After all, almost everyone realizes that it is hard to hold a ball on line when "Tifgreen 328" is mixed liberally with "broad-running fescue."

And remember, every round you play can be used to further your future image. True, the 12 strokes you took on the 4th do not look like much on the card, but remember that you chipped in from under a tree to save an even higher total. The next time you play the hole you may modestly, but truthfully, recall "holing out a five-iron here last week."

Finally, the day will end. Your score will reflect the pathetic lack of ability with which you attack the game, but if you have followed the Smith Status System, no one will realize just how bad you really are. When it is all over, modestly admit that this was about your regular game. Since no golfer will ever admit that he has played to his best ability, this immediately tabs you as one who refuses to make excuses—though it was plain that you were in great pain. ("Did you see the poor wretch swing?") Thank your partners and express the hope that you can get together again. Then avoid them at all cost. You will be remembered in locker room reminiscences as a fine golfer who had a bad day. END

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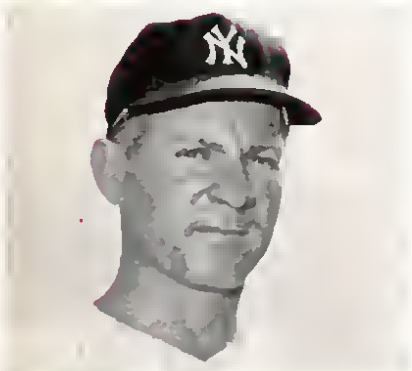


If golf's your game... take a tip from Masters Champion Jack Nicklaus, regularly in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

NATIONAL LEAGUE It was National Humor Week, but the LOS ANGELES Oodgers were not laughing when it began. They were in eighth place and hurting. Johnny Podres was not likely to pitch again this year, the victim of arm trouble. John Roseboro, a man of Joblike afflictions, was still plagued by bruises, bumps and calcium deposits. He was making such frequent use of the whirlpool bath that teammates called it the U.S.S. Roseboro. Then Tommy Oavis came off the bench to bat .346, the aching Roseboro hit .600, Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax threw shutouts and had two wins apiece, and the Dodgers (5–2), with something to laugh about at last, were tied for fifth. SAN FRANCISCO (3–4) Manager Alvin Dark used 21 players, including four pitchers in the first inning, during an excruciating battle of strategy which he finally won from the Phillies on a bases-loaded walk in the 10th. There were moments of joy for PHILADELPHIA (3–3), though. There was Richie Allen's homer, the team's first in 75 innings. There was also what may have been the shortest sacrifice fly of all time. That occurred when Met Catcher Jesse Gonder caught a pop-up halfway down the first-base line, then had to stand by helplessly as Bobby Wine of the Phils scored from third when no one covered home. NEW YOAK (3–4), however, did some things right. The Mets hit eight home runs and made fewer errors than their opponents (seven to nine). Larry Bearnarth gave up just one run in a 10-inning relief job in which he set a club record by winning his fourth in a row. HOUSTON (4–4), too, played well. Claude Raymond won twice in relief, and Oick Farrell (9–1) had the best record in the league. Bob Aspromonte had a dozen hits and drove in eight runs. ST. LOUIS, last year's leader in scoring, had no such hot hitter. At one point the Cardinals, who hit .183, had scored only three runs in 52 innings. Ray Sadecki's 1–0 win and Glen Hobbie's two-hitter gave the team its only victories in seven games. Ed Bailey of MILWAUKEE (3–4) did not let his slump (.194 for the year) bother him. He won his third straight cow-milking contest, beating Gaylord Perry of the Giants handily. Joe Nuxhall of CINCINNATI also ran his winning streak to three. He beat the Cardinals and then stopped the Colts 3–0, his fourth shutout. Ten home runs and Oeron Johnson's .538 hitting helped the Reds (5–2) move near the top of the league. A total of nine home runs by eight men enabled CHICAGO to win four of seven. Despite this slugging the Cubs could not climb above .500. Vernon Law won twice for PITTSBURGH (3–4), but the best pitching came from rookie Steve Blass, who shut out the Phillies.

AMERICAN LEAGUE It was the top of the ninth and NEW YORK trailed Boston 5–4. Then Phil Linz homered and New York scored another run in the 10th. Yankee lightning had apparently struck again. But Boston had some lightning, too, and the Yankees lost 7–6. Explaining the strange silence in the clubhouse after the defeat, Linz later said: "We knew we would have to bear down harder than ever if we were going to win this year." So the Yankees, then third in the standings, bore down harder, and the whole league began to ache. They beat the Red Sox twice, then tore into the first-place White Sox and crushed them five times in a row. Mickey Mantle, back in the lineup after a two-week layoff, hit .344, had seven RBIs and three homers. It was home runs by Tony Conigliaro and Dick Williams of BOSTON that won the 7–6 game. In all, the Red Sox (5–3) hit 15 homers (three in a row by Williams) and scored 50 runs. With Don Demeter (.409, four HRs, 11 RBIs) and Al Kaline (.519) finally hitting, DETROIT (4–3) had its best week in two months. Jim King of WASHINGTON (5–3) hit three home runs in succession in one game, added a fourth later in the week. Al Koch picked up his first win on a day when he was almost too sleepy to pitch. "I was tired before I even began pitching," Koch said. Camilo Paseual of MINNESOTA (3–4) felt much the same. "My head, it was sleepy, and my curve, it was lazy," he said. Then his teammates scored some runs for him, and Pascual said that suddenly "it is a beautiful day and a joy to pitch." Paseual had two such beautiful days and brought his record to 9–2. CHICAGO pitchers seldom had many runs to work with (the White Sox hit just four homers), and after winning the first four games they dropped the final six. Ken McBride of LOS ANGELES (4–3), sent to the bullpen after 10 straight losses as a starter, saved one game and won another. Jim Fregosi (.481, four HRs, 12 RBIs) took over the league lead in batting, and Bob Perry hit .444. When CLEVELAND (3–6) was not getting home runs from Bob Chance (three) or shutout pitching from Sam McDowell (four-hitter against the A's), it just could not win. Eddie Lopat was fired as manager of KANSAS CITY (3–5), and Mel McGaha replaced him. McGaha named Rocky Colavito as team captain and said: "I want our boys to say 'I want to try to do the same thing as Rocky.'" Unfortunately, too many of them did the same thing as Rocky last week, namely, bat .167. When the BALTIMORE Orioles arrived in Aberdeen, S. Dak. for an exhibition game they could not get out of their plane because no portable stairway was available. Shunning a rickety ladder, they jumped from the plane onto a baggage truck. Then they learned that there was no bus to take them to their hotel. After winning the game they found they could not leave town because of tornado warnings. On top of all that, the Orioles lost five of six games.



WHITEY: HE MAY BE BETTER THAN EVER

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

The first decision Yogi Berra made last fall when he was named manager of the New York Yankees was to select his old crony and batterymate Whitey Ford as pitching coach. It was a bold move and the baseball world wondered if Ford could handle both jobs—coaching and his own pitching career—in the manner to which the Yankees were accustomed. The verdict on Ford as a coach is still pending, but Ford the pitcher is, if anything, better than ever. Since losing a tough, extra-inning game on Opening Day to the Boston Red Sox, Ford has rattled off eight straight victories, including five shutouts. Last week he beat the Angels 9–3, giving them only seven hits, then shut out the White Sox, pretenders to the Yankee throne, 3–0 on four hits. In doing so, he lowered his earned-run average to 1.55, best in the league. In the past four games he has been especially tough, holding opponents to a .167 batting average and only four runs. His control is as remarkable as ever (20 bases on balls and 78 strikeouts in 110 innings of pitching) and his curve balls come in a wide variety of shapes, sizes and speeds. He has been accused of supplementing his pitches with something extra—saliva—but every ball he has thrown has turned up, on inspection, dry. Ford himself credits this year's success to his own coaching. "I seem to pay more attention to things now," he says. That may be, but to American League hitters, he is just the same as he has always been—too good.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—Unheralded WEST LIBERTY COLLEGE of West Virginia, which had never before played in the NAIA tournament, upset Grambling of Louisiana in successive games, 6–4 and 3–2, to win the championship, in St. Joseph, Mo.

BOXING—Welterweight Champion EMILE GRIFFITH of New York City retained his title by winning his second straight split decision over top-ranked challenger Luis Rodriguez in a rough 15-rounder in Las Vegas (see *page 18*).

GOLF—In the longest final round in the 69-year history of the British Amateur, GORDON CLARK of England birdied the 39th hole to upset defending champion Michael Lunt, in Ganton, England. It was the first major victory for Clark, 29, a businessman who plays golf about twice a week.

Despite his complaints about the heat, humidity, wind and his own nervousness, TONY LEMA shot 277 for 72 holes to place first in the $66,000 Buick Open in Grand Blanc, Mich., three strokes ahead of runner-up Dow Finsterwald. Lema, who had won the Thunderbird Classic a week earlier, became the first pro in nearly two years to take major tournaments back to back (the last was Jack Nicklaus, who had consecutive victories in the Seattle and Portland (Ore.) opens, in September 1962).

HARNESS RACING—Mrs. Leonard J. Buck's OVERTRICK, driven by John Patterson, finished first with five lengths to spare over Fly Fly Byrd in a $10,300 HTA pace, the fourth of the series for 4-year-olds, in Washington, Pa.

Don Miller drove CHEER HONEY ($21.50) to victory by three-quarters of a length over Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Sheppard's Elma in the $32,300 Hilltop Trot for 4-year-olds at Yonkers Raceway. Favored Speedy Scot, 1963's Harness Horse of the Year, who was making his first start of the season, broke stride and finished seventh in the nine-horse field.

HORSE RACING—Harry S. Nichols' MISS CAVANDISH ($8.70), Howard Grant aboard, won the first stakes race of her career by defeating Castle Forbes by three lengths in the $122,375 Coaching Club American Oaks, the third race of the Triple Crown for Fillies, at Aqueduct.

Christiana Stable's SMART ($8.20), ridden by Eldon Nelson, beat Sunrise County by a head to win the $55,200 Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs, while Saidam, the odds-on favorite, finished last in the field of six.

MOTOR SPORTS—Scotland's JIM CLARK drove his Lotus-Climax past Graham Hill, Dan Gurney and Bruce McLaren when their cars ran out of gas on the last lap, to win the Grand Prix of Belgium for the third straight time, at Francorchamps. The bizarre finish was most frustrating to McLaren, whose engine stopped 400 yards from the finish line. He tried to coast down a hill but was passed by Clark only 20 yards away from victory.

ROWING—Warming up for this week's IRA regatta, NAVY stroked 2,000 meters in a fast 6:01 to edge Wisconsin by less than one-quarter of a length on Lake Monona near Madison, Wis.

SWIMMING—France's CHRISTINE CARON unofficially bettered by 3 seconds the world 100-meter backstroke record held by Donna de Varona of the U.S. when she covered the distance in 1:08.6 at a Paris meet.

TENNIS—The UNITED STATES won all the singles matches and overpowered Britain 5–2 for its fourth consecutive Wightman Cup title (its 30th in 36 years), at Wimbledon. Nancy Richey of Dallas and Billie Jean Moffitt of Long Beach, Calif. each defeated Britain's Deidre Catt and Ann Haydon Jones, and Carole Caldwell of Santa Monica, Calif. outlasted British Team Captain Elizabeth Starkie 6–4, 1–6, 6–3. The host team, however, won both doubles matches.

PRINCETON extended its impressive winning streak to 46 matches as it swept through a 12–0 season to win the Eastern Intercollegiate championship for the fourth year in a row. The streak dates back to the Tigers' next-to-last match in 1960.

TRACK & FIELD—Miler TOM O'HARA (*see page 26*) dropped down to the half-mile in Chicago's Stagg Relays and ran a fast 1:51.1 to beat runner-up Dave Farley of Brown by five yards.

FRED HANSEN of Cuero, Texas, who a week earlier had pole-vaulted 17 feet 1 inch to break John Pennel's world record, set a new mark of 17 feet 2 inches at the San Diego Invitational meet. Pennel himself soared 16 feet 8½ inches (he had to withdraw a little later when a bad fall injured his back) while Mel Hein of the Southern California Striders and Don Meyers of Boulder, Colo. both vaulted 16–5. It was the first time four men cleared that height in a single meet.

At a Moscow meet, Russia's VALERI BRUMEL leaped 7 feet 3¾ inches, just 1¼ inches short of his own world record, for the best high jump of 1964.

Britain's BASIL HEATLEY, 30, chugged to victory in the Windsor-to-Chiswick marathon outside London in 2:13:55, clipping 33 seconds off the unofficial world record for the distance, set in the same race last year by the U.S.'s Buddy Edelen. Runner-up Ron Hill of Britain also bettered the record when he finished in 2:14:12.

The outstanding athlete at the USTFF meet in Corvallis, Ore. was 17-year-old GERRY LINDGREN of Spokane, who beat John Macy, 34, of Houston by more than 200 yards to win the 10,000 meters in 29:37.6. Lindgren's time was just 9.2 seconds off the national collegiate record. Exceptional times at the NCAA college-division championships in Fresno, Calif. were also posted by BOB HAYES, who sprinted the 220-yard dash around a curve in 20.5, and Fresno State's DAREL NEWMAN, who won the 100-yard dash in 9.3.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: ED LOPAT, 45, as manager of the last-place Kansas City Athletics, after the team had lost nine of its previous 11 games. The former Yankee pitching star, who led the Athletics to eighth place last season, was replaced by Mel McGaha, a K.C. coach and administrative assistant (he managed Cleveland in 1962). Said Lopat, "I think I'll go home to Hillsdale [N.J.] and enjoy myself the rest of the summer."

TRADED: In a complicated three-team deal the Los Angeles Angels obtained Minnesota Infielder Vic Power and Outfielder Lenny Green, the Twins gained Infielder Jerry Kindall of Cleveland and Frank Kostro of the Angels' Hawaii PCL farm club, and the Indians got Infielder Billy Moran of the Angels in simpler trades. Baltimore obtained Catcher Charley Lau from Kansas City for Pitcher Wes Stock, while St. Louis received Outfielder Lou Brock plus Pitchers Jack Spring and Paul Toth from the Chicago Cubs for Pitchers Ernie Broglio and Bobby Shantz plus Outfielder Doug Clemens.

DRAFTED: Detroit Goalie TERRY SAWCHUK, 34, and Montreal's Dickie Moore (benched last season with an injured knee), 33, for $20,000 apiece by Stanley Cup Champion Toronto. The Red Wings had left Sawchuk unprotected in the draft because, "We had to gamble and, frankly, we didn't think anybody would take him," said disconsolate Gordie Howe of Detroit.

TRADED: Six Chicago Black Hawks, to Boston and Detroit, in exchange for six other players, at the NHL annual meeting in Montreal. In a two-part swap with Boston, the second-place Hawks acquired Doug Mohns, 30, the Bruins' best defenseman, for Forwards Ab McDonald and Reg Fleming, both 28, and Forward Jerry Toppazzini, 32, plus a minor leaguer for Right Wing Murray Balfour, 27, and a farm club player. Then Chicago sent Left Wing Ron Murphy, 31, and Defenseman Aut Erickson, 26, to the Red Wings for Center Art Stratton and Defensemen John Miszuk and Ian Cushenan.

TRADED: In a five-for-three exchange, the biggest in NBA history, the Detroit Pistons' scoring leader BAILEY HOWELL and Teammates Don Ohl and Bob Ferry, to the Baltimore Bullets in return for 1963 Rookie of the Year Terry Dischinger, plus Rod Thorn and Don Kojis. The Bullets also received Detroit's No. 2 and No. 3 draft choices—Les Hunter of Loyola of Chicago and Wally Jones of Villanova. "We've now got the makings to be in the thick of things," said Dave Trager, the elated owner of the Bullets.

DIED: Three former first-team All-America football players—HENRY J. (Heinie) MILLER, 71 (end, University of Pennsylvania, 1919), in Longport, N.J.; JACK L. BLOTT, 61 (center, University of Michigan, 1923), in Ann Arbor, Mich., and LYNN BOMAR, 63 (end, Vanderbilt University, 1923), in Nashville—all of heart attacks.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Mark Kauffman; 16, 17—Alahram Newspaper 19, 20—Jack Shandy and George Long 31—Joe Baltermon, 38, 40—Joseph Consentino, 48—Camera Press, 57—Rich Clarkson, 59—Tony Triolo 73—AP 74—top right, Lori Blumenfeld.

FACES IN THE CROWD



LAHA DUPONT, 24, of Chesapeake City, Md., whose mother, Mrs. Richard C. duPont, owns four-time Horse of the Year Kelso, is the first woman to make the seven-member U.S. equestrian three-day squad, from which the U.S. Olympic team will be chosen.



LANNY IVY, 12, a 5-foot-4, 120-pound sixth-grader and Little Leaguer in Haskell, Texas, pitched two perfect six-inning games in eight days. He struck out 33 of the 36 batters he faced, and also hit 6 home run in each game—one of them a grand slam.



ETHEL ROSE HORSFALL, 75, of Berkeley, Calif., an avid hiker who took up swimming two years ago as "something I can do when I grow too old to climb mountains," was the first woman to complete the Berkeley YMCA's cumulative 100-mile swim.



CLYDE DUNCAN, 18, of Des Moines, who ran to an unofficial U.S. schoolboy record last April when he sprinted 100 yards in 9.3 at the Drake Relays (the wind velocity was slightly too high), won the event in 9.6 at the USTFF district championships in Houston.



CHARLES COSTELLO, 24, of Trenton, N.J., went to the Bahamas on his honeymoon, and while fishing off Bimini set a new world record for a 50-pound test line when he caught a 76 3/4-pound bull dolphin with a mullet. It took him 30 minutes to land the fish.



ROBERT H. DOWDY, 9, of Wilmington, N.C., who chinned himself 32 times to win the Boys' Clubs of America pull-up championship for boys 10 and under, led his Brigade Boys' Club team to the Southern Region title and second place in the national competition.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MONEY, GLUE AND HORSES

Sirs:

Congratulations on your really excellent article, *Here the Sport Is Going Sour* (June 8). E. Barry Ryan has said a lot of things that needed to be said, and he has said them forcefully and with the authority born of personal experience.

Certainly he has put things in focus. It remains to be seen what racing men will do about it.

A. MACKAY-SMITH
Editor, *The Chronicle of the Horse*
Middleburg, Va.

Sirs:

I agree heartily with E. Barry Ryan's analysis of modern horse racing. His opinions of owners, trainers, stable personnel and management reflect a realistic and dangerous situation.

I think we can attribute most of the damage to people such as Trainer Buddy Jacobson and his attitudes toward horses (*It's Not a Sport, It's a Business*, June 8). Jacobson may have been ranked No. 1 in America, but I wouldn't let him train my cheapest plater.

Thank heaven for trainers like Jimmy Jones, Burley Parke, Bill Finnegan, Bert Mulholland and the others who maintain the sensible, "old-fashioned" methods which promote horse racing—the sport, not the business.

BARRY KAHN
Miami Beach

Sirs:

The article by E. Barry Ryan has no doubt aroused responses of righteous wrath and indignation toward those who would install Mammon as the next racing commissioner. However, I have some straight-from-the-shoulder advice for Mr. Ryan:

- Before commenting about the unkempt attendants, he should take a look at the audience.
- Is he trying to undermine the economy of the country by putting concessionaires, heating contractors, binocular manufacturers and betting-slip publishers out of business? Besides, the people of this country need heady, invigorating sports like sitting in heated bleachers and watching horses half a mile away.
- Take off those bandages, throw away that straw and hay and run those horses twice as often. With the growing number of school children in this country, we need more glue.

CAROL A. ROBERSON
Bradford, Pa.

Sirs:

Bravo! Bravo for E. Barry Ryan! However, as I'm sure Mr. Ryan would agree, criticizing the basic commercialism of Thoroughbred racing is not apropos either. The years of training and study and hard work by the real professional horsemen should be rewarded. Further, tax receipts accruing to those states that permit racing are usually evidenced in the superiority of their school and highway systems.

However, it would be wonderful if Mr. Ryan's efforts were rewarded by inspiring a few of our "new" horse people to pause and admire the object of their affection. Perhaps the entrance to each Thoroughbred plant should bear the old saying: "There is something about the outside of a horse that is good for the inside of a man."

JOHN C. SHELHORSE III
Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:

To my mind, the problems confronting racing must be shouldered by those who make racing possible, the owners and breeders. It is they who really control the sport, and it is they who set the standards of excellence spoken of by Mr. Ryan.

JAY ROBBINS
Ojai, Calif.

Sirs:

My guess is that "man's admiration for the horse and man's endless quest to discover which of several is the fastest" has little to do with the popularity of racing.

What brings people out to see an assortment of bandaged-up nags wallow their way through the last three races on a hot summer day is the dream of picking a winner at odds of 4 to 1 or better.

Gambling, and not horse racing, soccer, football or baseball, is the world's favorite sport. Indeed, any time we are worried about the declining popularity of some lesser sport, there is one easy solution: install a few parimutuel windows on the premises.

ELLIOTT R. MORSS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I agree with Trainer Ryan all the way. I came to the U.S. from Ireland after having served four years' apprenticeship in Yorkshire, England. I was hoping to get into racing here, but when I saw how much of a difference there is I was sorely disappointed. Mr. Ryan's statement on the tardiness of grooms and exercise boys and their disrespect to a governor (or boss, as they say here) is so true.

When I was serving my apprenticeship I worked 14 hours a day, seven days a week, and received two shillings pay. I mucked out stables for one year before I even got on a horse's back. Sure, we apprentices in Ireland and England sometimes grumbled about it, but when the day came to put on the silks and ride in a race in public we realized what we had worked for all that time.

If the U.S. had more trainers like E. Barry Ryan, then maybe racing would regain its Utopia.

CHRIS KELLY
Detroit

Sirs:

Without a doubt there are grooms on the race course that fit Mr. Ryan's description, but as an owner-trainer and stable foreman in Australia and as a groom in California, I have yet to find him. I have found instead men who, given the proper leadership and instruction, will work long hours for the lowest wages in the sport. They must have a love of the horse or they wouldn't be in the game. Most of them know more than the trainers they work for, and without them —their knowledge and hard work—the sad-legged horses they care for would never get to the post. There may be something wrong with the sport. But it's not the groom.

D. T. RICHMOND
San Gabriel, Calif.

A. J. AND INDIANAPOLIS

Sirs:

As a motor-racing enthusiast in general and an A. J. Foyt fan in particular, I greatly appreciated your article, *Driver in a Tight Corner* (June 1). It revealed a side of Mr. Foyt that the average race fan would never know. I was fortunate enough to be in the pits at both the Daytona and Sebring races and was able to observe A. J. at close hand. At Daytona he worked right alongside the mechanics in making last-minute preparations.

He is truly the greatest all-round driver of our time, and one word sums him up, his own: "voom."

MRS. BOBBY CHAMPLIN
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sirs:

I want to take this opportunity to thank SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for the real nice story you did on me. Naturally, it was a great thrill to me to win the race and, particularly, to compete against such great drivers as Rodger Ward, Parnelli Jones and Jimmy Clark. A great deal of credit must be given to my chief mechanic, George Bignotti, who

continued

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did an outstanding job in preparing the car for the race.

A. J. FOYT

Speedway, Ind.

Sirs:

This year at the Indianapolis 500 two drivers were killed and one was seriously injured by fire (*The Magnificent and the Macabre*, June 8).

Some have blamed the fires on gasoline and have said it should be banned. But alcohol can, and this year did, catch fire. The only adequate protection for the driver would be an automatic fire-extinguishing system that would surround the car with foam as soon as a fire ignited. A system such as this should be installed and made mandatory immediately on all race cars.

DAVID B. FRIEMAN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

The chief cause of this year's holocaust was not the type of fuel or the type of car design but, instead, the flying start of 33 cars in rows of three abreast.

Let's change the rules. Start these races single file. Avoid this undue exposure to chain-reaction crashes. Certainly it should not materially affect the outcome of the races—and it may save a life or two.

RONALD A. BLAIR

Pequannock, N.J.

• For an analysis of proposed reforms, see page 54.—ED.

ONE FOR SAM

Sirs:

The score still reads: Sam Snead 3, Ben Hogan 1. Alfred Wright missed the boat completely (*A Dream Match Produces a Dream Round*, June 8). He had the last chance to make a true comparison between the greatest match player (Snead) and the greatest medal player (Hogan). Unfortunately the end result was a slanted article on the merits of Ben Hogan's game.

Remember, Snead is probably the best money player of all time. Only the U.S. Open has escaped the great slammer and that is partially due, I'd guess, to extra pressure exerted by sportswriters who have tagged him a choke artist since 1939, when he missed his chance to win the Open by taking an eight on the last hole.

JOE BENVENUTO

Arcadia, Calif.

HARD-CORE LACROSSE

Sirs:

Congratulations on your long-awaited article recognizing lacrosse as an existing sport (*Federal Power Takes Over*, June 8). Unfortunately, you implied that our fair state of Maryland has lost its power as the producer of topnotch lacrosse teams and players.

Although lacrosse is greatly expanding due to its increasing popularity, the fact remains that Maryland is still the center of the lacrosse world. Not only do we have three of the most consistent top five teams in the country (Navy, Maryland and Hopkins), the best small-college team (Washington College) and the best club team (Mount Washington), but the nuclei of such other lacrosse powers as Virginia and Princeton are Maryland high school graduates.

SAMUEL L. HECK

Chestertown, Md.

CROWDED OUT

Sirs:

It is obvious, after reading Mr. Kaplan's letter (19TH HOLE, June 8), that his love for hockey is exceeded only by his complete ignorance of attendance in the National Basketball Association.

During the 1963–64 season, the 18th for the NBA, attendance for the 360 regular season games went over the two-million mark for the first time in the history of the league. The total for preseason exhibitions, regular-season and playoff contests exceeded the 2.5 million mark—highest ever—as were the players' individual shares for both the San Francisco Warriors and Boston Celtics.

For the first time in the history of any club, the Boston Celtics sold out, within hours, for each of six home playoff dates, and there is no telling what the attendance might have been if the Boston Garden had the capacity of a baseball park.

While Mr. Kaplan continues in his blissful ignorance, possibly he might start comparing the salaries of most NBA players with those of his favorite sport!

WILLIAM MOKRAY
Editor, NBA Guide

Boston

NOT ALL DULL BROWN

Sirs:

I read with interest your comments on the Indianapolis 500 closed-circuit telecast (SCORECARD, June 8) in which you state that "the picture, like all theater TV, seemed a dull brown." I feel that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has failed to note the technological change in theater TV quality introduced by Theatre Network Television. In sports events like the National Football League Championship game in Chicago and the Liston-Clay fight, TNT catapulted large-screen closed-circuit TV into a new era of excellent presentation.

TNT did not participate in the Indianapolis 500 telecast. We think SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should recognize the difference between closed-circuit telecasts rather than leave its readers with the impression that all theater TV is poor.

NATHAN L. HALPERN

President, Theatre Network Television
New York City



See Bob Hope and the Chrysler Theatre, NBC-TV, Thursdays

One of the cars from Chrysler Corporation: the Dodge Polara 500

What do Chrysler Corporation cars have that others don't?

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How our 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty protects you: Chrysler Corporation confidently warrants all of the following vital parts of its 1964 cars for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material and workmanship will be replaced or repaired at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excepting manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings. REQUIRED MAINTENANCE: The following maintenance services are required under the warranty—change engine oil every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first, replace oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every two years; and every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such important protection.

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